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1856-1921

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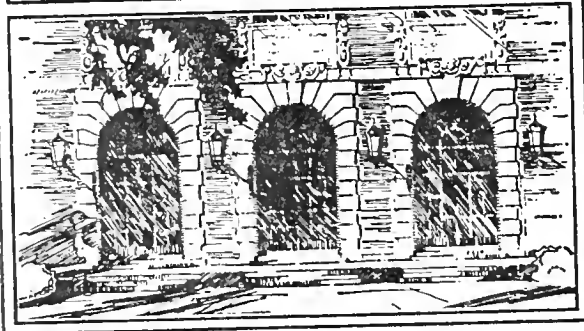
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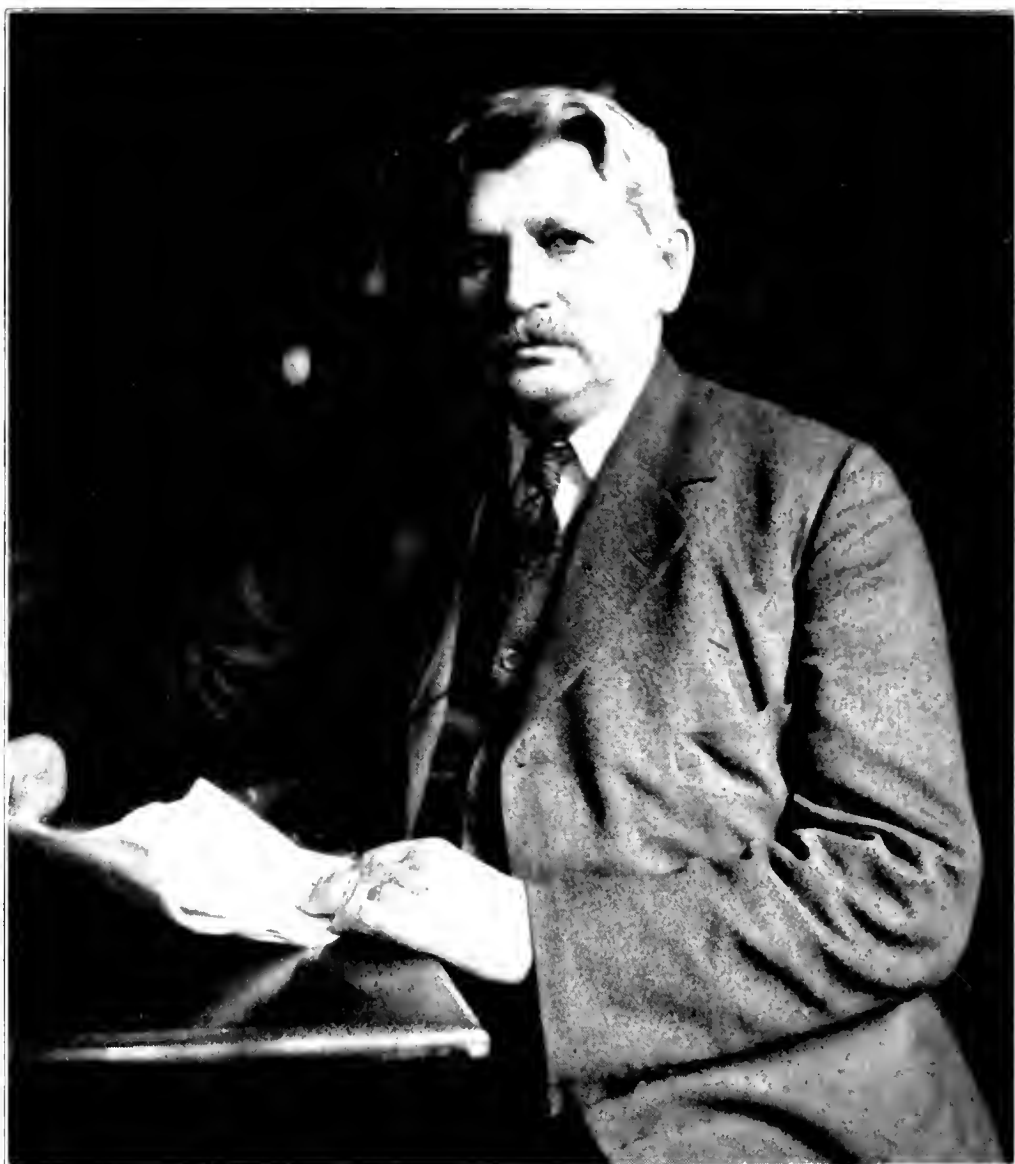
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FRANK WAKELY GUNSAULUS







Frank Wakely Gunsaulus, 1915



## GUNSAULUS

Here have I come, alone, to mourn my Friend  
And yours, O ye who dwell immortally  
In this loved "Poets' Corner"; for 'tis ye  
That should to my lone grief your presence lend,  
Ye, who the most enduring words have penned  
In memory of friends. O sing for me  
Of him, who's worthy in the company  
Of those you've sung, eternity to spend.  
"He knew, himself, to build the lofty rhyme,"  
But, better still, he knew the spirit's speech  
With which to stir the men of his own time;  
He knew the flaming word to preach and teach.  
"The Word made Flesh"—his Master's mystery;  
"The Flesh made Word," this was his ministry.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

*Westminster Abbey*  
*April 3, 1921.*



In Memoriam

FRANK WAKELY GUNSAULUS

1856-1921

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1921

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## INTRODUCTORY TRIBUTE

*By* S. PARKES CADMAN

### I.

I WOULD fain convey to others who were not so fortunate as I have been, a true impression of this splendid and beautiful son and servant of the Most High. For it has been a part of life's good for me that I knew him well and followed his noble and eloquent ministry for thirty years. At first I watched him with enthusiastic admiration, then I studied him with warm approval, and for twenty and more of those years I have cherished him with fond affection. But I find it exceedingly difficult to appraise Dr. Gunsaulus rightly. He meant so much to me that my critical faculties are silenced by my heart. Perhaps one can best begin by saying that the various and repeated proofs he gave of his genius for sacred oratory rank him definitely among the masters of speech in our age. The waste of energies and gifts by many of his contemporaries intensifies one's gratification in this great ambassador of God who has risen in proportion to the obstacles he had to surmount, and surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his supporters. I seem to see him again as I saw him more than a quarter of a century past, when his theme at the Mother Chautauqua, where Bishop John Heyle Vincent presided, was based on the articles of Browning's faith and the significance of his spiritual idealism. How full of eager warrior-like grandeur he was! Marching straight against the opponents of the poet's transcendentalism, with sword in hand and cuirass shining in the sunlight. All that was ardent, brilliant, adventurous, compelling, every exploit

of a rich imagination fed with facts and tinged with romanticism belongs to that memory. I see him the second time toward the close of his wondrous day, when its eventide was nearer than we suspected who wished him a long and mellow interval which death should linger to disturb. On this occasion he had ceased to contemplate questions from a combative standpoint. He had not lost his own convictions; indeed, on the contrary, they were the more tenaciously held because he had entered into and analysed the convictions of others. The vibration and the innate dignity of his striking words were still to the front. But there was a maturity in his utterance which Time's ameliorations alone imparts. He had received its chastenings without demur. There was no stain upon his spirit, no mutiny against the world he loved usurped his freedom of approach to the matters he discussed. His discourse was yet simple, unconstrained, obedient to direct impetuous inspiration. But he had learned the last art of the speaker who can contain himself, and steer between divers impulses to find the happy havens where peace and unity dwell. Pascal said that one's greatness consists not in extremes of thought or of oratory, but in touching those extremes while at the same time filling the whole space between them. Dr. Gunsaulus did this, and he had no reason to repent the caution he finally inspired upon his gracious eloquence. It ripened in its persuasiveness and considerateness as he entered into physical suffering. The liberty of access to divine realities which characterized his advancing career was well worth the purchase price which he paid for it. Men and women were aware of the increasing sureness of his touch of unseen verities. They not only applauded, they revered him, and were led by him into heavenly places with Christ Jesus his Lord.

II.

These two memories have established my friend in my dearest and most treasured recollections of him. They are the polarities on which numerous reminiscences turn. The fascinations which he exercised over countless people he early cast over me. But they are blessed in that they are prolific of religious quickening. In a period when it is freely asserted that the divine spark is no longer found in the pulpit, I had the joy of knowing that in this prince it was fanned to a flame, which lit the path for many a weary wanderer in solitude and darkness. Many qualities, and perhaps some faulty ones, are needed to make an orator. Confidence in himself and in his cause, certainty of affirmation, an authoritative manner, and even temerity of avowal, are salient traits of the accomplished speaker. But Dr. Gunsaulus was saved from that excess which the Greeks dreaded by his consecration to the Evangel of the New Testament. His power of disdain, sarcasm, irony, the flashes of his vivacity and humor, were alike subjected to the obedience which is in Christ. Truths he could neither formulate nor put into literary shape were fused within him by his glow of soul. Even the small change of discourse was reminted by his gravity, his earnestness, his hunger for the betterment of men. There is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous in impassioned exordiums and perorations. But he never took it. When he appeared, we felt that God's advocate had arrived. With him came a day of decision which determined an irrevocable destiny. Solemn and momentous truths, by which men and nations live, or neglecting which they die, were at once arrayed before us. He exalted the Everlasting Mercy and the Everlasting Justice until everything pertaining to submission to the Divine Will became imperative and obligatory. Temperamentally he was susceptible to tradition, whether in beliefs

or in an ancient masterpiece of art or of architecture. He revelled in loveliness both in its native elements, and in those elements transfigured by the human imagination. But those susceptibilities which did him honor in other walks of life were the hired servants of his Christian ministry. There the larger meanings of existence, both here and beyond the grave, were the burden of his spirit, and he philosophized about them in his own manner, somewhat remote from that of the metaphysicians, yet always arresting by virtue of its originality. Behind his sermons and addresses one was conscious of a vast hinterland, filled with singing bands, bright societies, hosts of the redeemed, and of the just made perfect. Yes, these angelic throngs were on our side, enlisted for the spiritual renown of the race and in constant communion with the lowliest traveler toward the Holy City. I never heard him without wishing that the "bigness" he exemplified and the radiance he emitted were more usual than they are in my vocation. Then I bethought myself that here was a spirit of marked excellence, compact of the humanities, filled with the sympathies which only a capacious and burning heart can maintain. Evidently he was intended by his Maker for the communication of the general mind of faith and charity. Had I been requested to name the American divine who best understood and made articulate the religious aspirations of his country, I should have named Dr. Gunsaulus. I am not referring to the philosophical or the theological mind, but to what is of more consequence than either; to the mind which expresses the spiritual instincts and tendencies of the mass. In this respect millions would have gladly consented that he should be their spokesman. It behooves us to discover, if we may, the explanation for his premiership, since too many clergymen contend for it and contend lawfully, but with insufficient furnishings.

III.

It is quite appropriate to emphasize his physical gifts and the resiliency of his nervous resources. Like Phillips Brooks, he had a kingly presence, and came to his ceaseless tasks confessedly dominant in build, demeanor, gesture, and voice. His delivery helped to guarantee what he asserted. His countenance was the index of the soul that informed its mobile features with benevolent force. Exquisite cadences of hope, pathos and solicitation alternated with those stormy passages in which the prophet whose conscience was awake to righteousness insisted upon the insurgent necessity of its realization in others. His gifts of expression and transmission were widely various, dependent upon his moods, commingling stately phrases of the older sort of oratory with familiar allusions and haunting sentences containing an ethereal music. He had the capital faculty of blending the infinite with the commonplace. Like most of us, but in far ampler and more dramatic ways, in him there was a two-sided being. He dreamt his dream, fastidious and at intervals almost fanciful, seemingly more fitting for a recluse or a scholastic than for the active aims of a busy and practical generation. But he could translate that dream with sagacious and careful forecasts of current events, and a radical application to them. Political, social, patriotic and international interests were viewed by him as provinces of the one divine Kingdom, which had right of entrance and rule wherever the feet of men have trodden. When he preached, moral and spiritual landscapes which everybody recognized with delight were portrayed. Statesmen, philanthropists, warriors, and literary celebrities whose names are household words were liberally mentioned. But ever and anon he would revert to his personal experiences of God, and of the Son of God, and of His regenerating sovereignty through the Cross and the Resurrection. Then the veil

was rent in twain, the horizons lifted, and the distant vistas of spiritual development were glimpsed only to be lost in their own glory. These were the golden moments of his priesthood and of his prophecy, too sacred to be frequently repeated or too closely scrutinized. In summary, his pulpit ministry was conspicuous for its clear interpretations of the hidden man of the heart. These interpretations were made possible by his embodiment of the highest humanity in the Risen Lord of all life. He loved men as he received them in their Creator. He had the greater love which discerned their Creator in men. Nor is it strange that thus believing and thus loving very really and absorbingly, he should have adored Christ as the universal Saviour of men, or have taken characters like Lincoln and Savonarola as his mentors.

#### IV.

Because of his position as the most prominent preacher of the Middle West, if not of the nation, he felt free to combine with his pastoral responsibilities the more extended service which widened his opportunities for preaching. He did not restrict his scope to Chicago, or keep for the local church what was intended for mankind. He was at his best in the sanctuary. But the platform was also his chosen resort. There he extolled justice, denounced the false gods of democracy, rebuked leaders of the State who were inimical to its welfare, and raised the life of the people to higher levels of intelligence and morality. The breadth of his ministry was entirely harmonious with its depth and vitality. He visited colleges, Chautauquan and church assemblies, struggling or successful churches and metropolitan or rural centers with the light of the Eternal streaming from his fervent words. In that light he walked, by which I mean that he took an actual road, loyally pursuing it as he went, pitying and helping the deprived and the obscure, as well as exhorting and admonishing the rich and the famous. His

melodious voice, his knowledge of all ranks and conditions of men and of much of the best the world has in it, and his unforgettable descriptions of its renowned personalities and transitions gave him a place upon the American platform which was second to none. Disengaged from the petty and the temporary, he gained a legitimate influence in all commonwealths of the Republic, a place which was never accommodated to the weaknesses of popular audiences. Those who cannot emulate him in this enterprise should be chary of reflecting upon it. John Wesley rebelled against parochial boundaries after witnessing the comparative failure of his father's prolonged and faithful tenure as Rector at Epworth. Dr. Gunsaulus might also have said with a slightly different meaning, "The world is my parish." His soul of fire encased in a frame of steel, his profound religiousness, his craving for laborious exertion, his consuming sense of responsibility for life and the open doors it set before him enabled him to communicate good to an amazing extent. At every turn in his prodigious toil one finds the same strong pulse of service. The financial rewards it brought him were lightly held. He disbursed them for museums, needy institutions of learning, students who were ambitious to obtain an education, and brethren of the ministry who recall his unostentatious generosity with gratitude. In the vortex of his daily life he steadfastly clung to the belief that the Almighty had used him for the purposes I have indicated, and afforded him special aid and guidance. Two considerations present themselves here. First, Dr. Gunsaulus evidently acquiesced in Dr. Lyman Abbott's statement that no man can be a truly great cleric today who is not a great citizen. When he was translated to the rest for which he longed, he was the first citizen of Chicago, and one of the first hundred of the nation. The second observation is that contrary to the opinion of some academic and technical authorities the conveyance of sound learning and healthy

conception to the average man and woman requires more intellectual ability than the ordinary college professorship requires. Thomas Huxley admitted as much as this after giving his well-known lectures upon science to the intensely interested working men of London. What Huxley did for thousands in London our beloved friend did for millions everywhere in the United States. He taught young men and women of the commercial and industrial classes to strive for moral and spiritual self-improvement. All sumptuary reforms, all educational, social and political movements found in him a first rate pleader. The making of the new heaven and the new earth which seers visioned from afar was for him an immediate and paramount duty. Christians by the law of their profession, as he believed, were bound to contend and work for God and humanity. To this matchless cause he yielded himself as a cheerful and a voluntary sacrifice. Had he chosen to confine himself to the oversight of a single city church, who doubts that he could have lived longer but to lesser purpose. But as he advanced from one scene of oratorical triumph to another, his knightly spirit remained sincere, lowly, fraternal, modest. Under all phases of his life and beneath the most trying conditions, he was changeless in his masculine response to the demands made upon him and in his almost feminine concern for the needy. The same resolution to be worthy, the same unvarying witness to whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report were his guardian virtues. Upon the platform or in the sacred spot where Time and Eternity meet, Dr. Gunsaulus was always the prophet and messenger of his God.

V.

In estimating him one should consider that he was ubiquitous. A preacher, a lecturer, an author, a novelist, an historian, a lover of art, a connoisseur of china and Persian pottery, collector of tapestries and of valuable manuscripts,



## IN MEMORIAM

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versed in book lore, and conversant with not a few of the notable epochs of ecclesiasticalism—the mere enumeration of his pursuits is an astonishing process. In addition to his clerical and lecturing duties, he was instrumental in the erection of the Armour Institute of Technology, the well-known school for young men which the late P. D. Armour built and endowed after hearing a sermon by Dr. Gunsaulus which emphasized the need for such a foundation. Of this Institute Dr. Gunsaulus became the President, and after he had relinquished the pastorate of Central Church he turned to the Institute with relief and the intention to concentrate himself upon its still more prosperous growth. But it was not to be. While his powers were at the top, and when he had made for himself a unique place in the councils of the church and of the nation, the mighty summons came, suddenly, and, for him, most mercifully, the end of things earthly came. Few men of our time have bestowed upon us the fruits of a more versatile intellect, with a prodigality of talents purged by pain and disciplined by effort ever placed at the disposal of his countrymen. From his youthful period, wherein kneeling at a Methodist altar, he saw the Lord and was received by Him, to the last hour of his sixty and more years of life here, Frank Wakely Gunsaulus stamped his personality and his ideas upon the religious development of this Republic. He being dead, yet speaketh. The charm, the magnetism, the buoyancy, the wealth of his friendship out-vies the meagerness of my delineation. This constancy through good and evil almost bewilders one. The law of kindness was written on his heart. Urbanity, generosity and an unescapable good will toward all and sundry were the prevailing notes of his private intercourse and conversation. My love for him lames my pen. As I lay it aside and ponder what I have written, I am chagrined by my ill-starred attempt to reveal to others the secret of a life which made so many live anew, and of a man who gave the divine gospel

new distinction, and indicated fresh methods for its heralds. Suffice it to say that if we never cease to love those whom we lose, we can never lose those whom we thus love. In that hope, which will not shame us, let us keep our vigil until the day of restitution, and of the perfecting of the fellowship of the saints in light.

## ORDER OF FUNERAL SERVICES

**T**HE funeral services for Dr. Frank Wakely Gunsaulus were held at the New England Congregational Church, Chicago, Saturday, March 19, 1921, Dr. Frederick F. Shannon officiating, assisted by Dr. Clarence T. Brown and Rev. Charles W. Gilkey.

Processional: "For all the Saints who from their labors rest." . . . . .	<i>Central Church Chorus.</i>
Scripture Reading and prayer . . . . .	<i>Dr. Frederick F. Shannon.</i>
"Lead Kindly Light." Pugh Evans . . . . .	<i>Central Church Chorus.</i>
Scripture reading . . . . .	<i>Dr. Clarence T. Brown.</i>
The Public Aspects of Dr. Gunsaulus' Character . . . . .	<i>Rev. Charles W. Gilkey.</i>
"Crossing the Bar." Protheroe . . . . .	<i>Central Church Chorus</i>
The Personality of Dr. Gunsaulus . . . . .	<i>Dr. Frederick F. Shannon.</i>
"Then round about the Starry Throne." Handel . . . . .	<i>Central Church Chorus.</i>
Prayer . . . . .	<i>Rev. Charles W. Gilkey.</i>
Recessional: Beethoven's Funeral March.	

## ADDRESS

*By* REV. CHARLES W. GILKEY

**I**T is many more than members of Central Church who have been passing through this place this morning by the hundreds, and throng it this afternoon. It is many more than students and faculty and graduates of Armour Institute, hundreds of whom have been here, thousands of whom would have been here if they could. It is many more than the lovers in this city of the "ancient beautiful things" that he also loved, who love him because he loved those things. It is many more than the unnumbered men and women, and younger people especially, who through thirty-four years of crowded ministry he has personally helped. These are all here today. We are a company of Chicagoans of every creed and race, of all walks and stations, who have known this for a great man while he has lived and worked among us these thirty-four years; and we have gathered here today to show our honor and our love for one of the foremost in a very small group of men who have done more than any others to make Chicago what it is today, and what in the years to come it is going to be.

But we who are fellow-citizens and friends of his here in Chicago, are only a fractional representation of the minds and hearts that are here with us in spirit today. Only yesterday, in Indianapolis, a man came to me and said with breaking voice, "Our dear Dr. Gunsaulus is gone." And all over the cities and towns of the Central West, from Ohio where he was born to the prairie states where he loved to speak, men and women, singly and in groups, with tender eye and grateful heart, have realized these last forty-eight

## IN MEMORIAM

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hours what we instinctively feel here today,—that one of the notable Americans of his generation has been taken from among us.

The shock of his going has come too suddenly, and our eyes who loved him are still too full of tears, for us to see clearly yet the true bigness of this mighty man. Only later, as Dr. Shannon has said, in the perspective and with the poise of some adequate memorial gathering, can worthy expression be given to what he has meant to our city and to our country,—and to ourselves.

But already, even in this present shock and sorrow, one or two things are plain. There is no single measure, there is no one dimension, that will suffice to estimate the heroic size of his personality and his career.

Some men are great for what they accomplish; and it falls to me today to speak of this aspect of his greatness,—his public achievements. Some men are great because of what they are; and Dr. Shannon will speak of his personality and character, which strike me as perhaps the most conspicuous aspects of his greatness. But, after all, the two sides of the man are really inseparable. We cannot understand what he has accomplished except as we come to know and love the many-sided richness of his nature; and we can never measure the force and power of his dynamic personality except in terms of the impact which he has made on the life of this city, this nation, and this generation.

Think for a moment of the situation he found here when he first came to Chicago in 1887, thirty-four years ago. The great fire was sixteen years behind; and during those years the restless energies of our strenuous folk had been devoted to rebuilding and getting ready to go ahead. Everybody knows that the most marked characteristic of the city we live in is the driving energy which has taken as its appropriate motto, "*I Will.*"

But "I Will" what? What was to become the expression, the outlet, the product, of this driving and contagious energy that is the very pulse of our city's life? That was a crucial question in Chicago's history back in 1887. You remember those six memorable adjectives in which one of our own poets has described our city then and since:—

"Gigantic, wilful, young. . . .

"With restless, violent hands and casual tongue."

And all that youth and restlessness and energy which for sixteen years had been spent in recovering from the great fire, were just beginning to accumulate and gather pent-up force, ready for some new and larger expression of the city's ambition and aspirations. What was that to be?

It would have been all too easy for this driving energy to expend itself simply in making and then in spending money. Chicago might have become the most aggravated example in the modern world of a merely sordid commercialism, accompanied perhaps by a frivolity and futility in spending money that would have been the natural reaction of the restless energy spent in getting it.

The greatest thing that Dr. Gunsaulus, and the little group of men among whom he was a natural leader, did for Chicago in those critical years of her history was to take a decisive part in answering these fundamental questions and answering them right. He did two great things for us, in fact. He reinforced our characteristic enthusiasm with his own tremendous initiation and will; who among us was such a dynamo of incessant energy and activity as he? That was why he felt at home in Chicago from the first hour,—and why Chicago loved and was ready to follow him from that same hour. But even more important than his energy was his direction. He and his friends opened the eyes and stirred the heart of our then adolescent city, in just the critical "middle teens" of her history, to a vision of life larger and richer and deeper than any purpose of her younger

years. The development of the whole higher life of Chicago since the World's Fair—humanitarian, educational, musical, and artistic—of which we are so justly proud, has been due in no small measure to the inspiration and guidance of this little group of men, and not least of *this* man.

Perhaps we shall recognize the truth of all this more quickly if it is put in a form familiar enough to a city that boasts of having become within a few decades the world's greatest railroad centre. The traffic of our city's life was getting too big for a single track of commercial progress alone. We had come to the junction point where the ways divided with possibilities upward and aside and down. A group of strong hands, of which his were two of the strongest, seized the switch and threw it,—and the city took the upward track.

It would take hours to do justice to that great contribution as it has been rendered through all the diverse phases of Dr. Gunsaulus' lifetime of service in Chicago. It was true, first and foremost, of his *moral and religious* leadership. He was always and essentially a preacher. In twelve years in Plymouth pulpit (and they were the great years of the World's Fair period) and then in twenty years at Central Church, which he made the foremost American pulpit west of New York City, he gave to the moral convictions and the religious life of this metropolis of the Central West their most influential guidance and their most eloquent expression.

Large and rapidly growing towns,—I suppose that most of us can think of examples in contemporary American life very easily become hot-houses for strange religious sects, and vaudeville stages for bizarre religious leaders. Chicago also has not been without its tendencies and temptations in both directions. But it is due to this great spiritual prophet more perhaps than to any other minister in our history, that the main current of our moral and religious life has

never been thus diverted or perverted. He preached for twenty years from the Auditorium stage to an aggregate of more than a million and a half of people; but that unconventional platform was under his feet always a real pulpit, and never a vaudeville stage for sensation. This prophet of the Lord has faced these men and women Sunday after Sunday with the great elemental moral truths on which alone human life can be safely based, and with the eternal verities of the Christian faith in all their simplicity and grandeur.

What is true of his moral and religious leadership has been no less true of his *intellectual* leadership. We all remember the story that Matthew Arnold used to tell about one of our fellow-citizens, who was not at all sure what culture was, but did feel sure that if Chicago ever got interested in culture, it would "make her hum." In all gratitude, let it be acknowledged today that this rich and well-stored mind and this great nature have helped mightily to show this city of ours what culture is. Other men may have done more to deepen and extend our knowledge, just as other men in the religious sphere may have borne more heavily the brunt of theological controversy and marched further in the van of religious progress; but this man has done something yet more important. He has made men and women by the thousand in this city, and by the tens of thousands in this country, *want to know more* about "the best that has been thought and said in the world,"—just as he has made them want to know more about the right and the love and the truth of God.

And what is true of his intellectual leadership among us, is true of his contributions to the institutional life of our city. At every point in our humanitarian and social organization he has been one of the builders. He set Central Church full in the center of the city's life, and kept it there. He caught and temporarily carried out twenty-five years ago



## IN MEMORIAM

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the vision that has since been permanently realized in the Sunday Evening Club. He was the guide in its earlier days of the Armour Mission, and the creator of the Glenwood Home School. There is hardly one of those philanthropies, those benevolent and humanitarian enterprises of which in later years our city has been increasingly and with increasing justice proud, to which he has not contributed at some time or other, kindling enthusiasm and wise suggestion and strong support. Who can count the literal millions of money that he has stirred generous men and women of this city to give for the betterment and enrichment of human life, or measure the stream of unselfish service that has always poured out of the heart of this great lover of his fellow-men, and like some spiritual Mississippi has drawn into its accumulating flood countless other streams of generosity, until the whole has become an organized system of blessing that has begun to touch with greenness and fertility the barren and ugly areas of our city's life.

And I have not spoken yet of that service to the life of our city and our Central West which was nearest to his heart, which he always called "the child of his hope and faith,"—that service as an *educator* which is embodied in Armour Institute. Everybody knows the story of that famous sermon preached in Plymouth Church nearly thirty years ago on the needs of the children in this growing city, at the close of which Philip D. Armour came up and said to the young preacher,—then only thirty-seven years old,—“Young man, do you really believe what you have said?” “Of course I do,” was the answer. “Then, if you will give five years of your life, I will give the money, and we will do it together.”

The partnership formed that day between these two builders of Chicago was never broken until the senior partner died. It was then taken over and enlarged by the family that bears the same honored name; and though today we

mourn the death of the junior partner, their joint enterprise will go on to a future greater even than its great past. That partnership of means and personality has been one of the great moulding factors not only in the intellectual and the educational, but in the whole human life of our city; for it was dedicated to the proposition that education is not of the mind alone, nor yet of the heart alone, but of the hand no less, and that all three together make the truly educated man. Before this Moses, who had seen from afar such a vision of a new ideal and method for all-around education, closed his eyes for the last time, it had been given to him also to look over into a Promised Land where there shall soon be built an even greater and more useful Armour Institute for the years and generations to come. God grant to raise up some Joshua who can lead the occupation of that Promised Land which this Moses saw from afar, but has not lived to enter.

I have not spoken even yet of that which is to me the most amazing thing about this extraordinary man:—that living spring of delight in ancient and beautiful things which welled up in his heart all along the dusty pathway of his busy life, and created not only there but in our Chicago community and all through our Central West, oases of refreshment and beauty. It was his recreation, just as golf and baseball and all kinds of sport are the recreation of the rest of us, to hunt out and enjoy and make accessible, beautiful things.

Many Chicagoans know that since 1908 he has been not only a Trustee and a Benefactor, but one of the really moving and guiding spirits, in our own Art Institute; in whose deserved honor one of its halls is named, and who has himself made accessible there two collections, one of Wedgwood ware and one of Near Eastern pottery, that are world-famous among those who know and care for such things. But not everybody knows that the story of his

benefactions and collections is not limited to Chicago. We shall have to go to Coe College at least on the west, stop off then at the University of Chicago as we return eastward, and be sure to keep on to his own beloved *alma mater*, Ohio Wesleyan University, to have even a glimpse of those collections of things ancient and beautiful which he has given to enrich the years and the American life to come. They include such various treasures as ancient pottery, medieval manuscripts, Browning memorabilia, Mendelssohn scores, and original letters that have helped to make American history.

Besides the inexhaustive enthusiasm and amazing erudition that covered all these diverse fields of art, there is one other thing that ought to be mentioned here today: the cost of these collections was not met by the comparatively simple expedient of writing a check to tap a reservoir of wealth that would be speedily and automatically refilled. To understand what these things cost him, you must sit some hot July evening in a country Chautauqua tent, watch this man mop his forehead as he lectures on Gladstone or Savonarola, realize that he faces a railroad schedule that requires a change of trains in the middle of the night in order to keep a similar appointment next day at some other country town, and then hear him after the lecture say to his companion, "Well, that pays for one more piece of Near Eastern pottery that I just could not let get out of my hands, and that I wanted Chicago to keep."

When a more adequate Memorial Service is held,—and especially when Dr. Gunsaulus' life is finally written,—there will need to be one considerable part in it to remind us all that these services to the higher life of our city, which have only been touched upon here, have been paralleled in, or rather extended to, the whole Central West from the Alleghenies to the Rockies. There will need to be an address—and a chapter—on his work as a Chautauqua speaker in

hundreds of lectures every year to hundreds of thousands of auditors, to so many of whom he has given perhaps their first glimpse of things beautiful and true and good.

And when that Memorial Service is held—and that adequate life is written—there will need to be another chapter in it on Dr. Gunsaulus' services to his country, especially in the Great War. Does not your memory flash back, as mine does, to that Saturday evening, March 31st, 1917, in the Auditorium, when in response to a call from many of our civic leaders we gathered by the thousand there to try to clear our minds and hearts as to the duty of the nation in the days ahead. You will recall, as I do, the mood of uncertainty that was on that meeting and in our own hearts until that memorable moment in his address when he did what he has done on hundreds of lesser occasions and for thousands of other auditors. He struck the spark that kindled the meeting when he said:—"The crowns are tottering upon the royal heads of Europe, and I would give more tonight for the old felt hat of a President of these United States than for all the headgear of all the kings across the Atlantic." His intuition had penetrated to the fundamental issue of the great struggle; it was the warfare of democracy against her enemies.

I happened to be in Youngstown this winter, and a business man said to me there, "We still talk in this city about the most marvelous address that any of us can remember. It was the one that Dr. Gunsaulus gave here when we started out on our first Liberty Loan campaign." How appropriate it is that one of the most characteristic and impressive photographs of his dominating figure shows him as he stood on the wooden pedestal about to speak to his own boys as they left Armour Institute for the front!

In speaking of scenes that are memorable, we must not forget that his services have not been limited to this city, or this Central West, or even this nation. We shall hear rever-

berations all the way from City Temple in London of his eloquence, interpreting the two great Anglo-Saxon nations to each other. And some of us will call up once more that vivid scene at Mandel Hall two years ago, when a great Catholic cardinal and this great Protestant prophet, both alike lovers of ancient and beautiful things, bent together in their brilliant robes of office to turn with loving fingers the pages of the two ancient manuscripts which, at Dr. Gunsaulus' happy suggestion and generous donation, Armour Institute and the University of Chicago handed to Cardinal Mercier as a gift to the University of Louvain, to replace the two other copies that had been burned in that awful night of invasion in 1914.

Fifty years ago a well-known English poet put into verse the only words that to me have seemed adequate as a summary of Dr. Gunsaulus' services to his city, his country, and his fellow-men. Arthur O'Shaughnessy's famous "Ode" has become a classic expression in English literature of the incalculable and indispensable service rendered by the poets and prophets to mankind.

One of these stanzas fitly describes the work of this man for a full generation in our city as prophet and poet and spiritual pioneer; and not so long as he is remembered among us, will men lightly dare to say henceforth that those who write our verses and think our thoughts and catch our visions are "impractical" men:—

"With wonderful deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory.  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three, with a new song's measure,  
Shall trample a kingdom down."

In another stanza O'Shaughnessy suggests what Dr. Gunsaulus has done for the education—and particularly for the industrial education—of our city and our country:—

“The breath of our inspiration  
Is the life of each generation;  
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,  
Unearthly, impossible seeming.  
The soldier, the king, and the peasant  
Are working together in one,  
Till our dream shall become their present,  
And their work in the world be done.”

Finally he gathers into one memorable summary the service which this preacher of righteousness and faith has rendered to his fellow men:—

“They had no vision amazing  
Of the goodly house they are raising;  
They had no divine fore-showing,  
Of the land to which they are going.  
But on one man’s soul it hath broken,  
A light that doth not depart;  
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,  
Wrought flame in another man’s heart.”

Those last four lines are a fitting epitaph for our dear departed friend:—

“But on one man’s soul it hath broken,  
A light that doth not depart;  
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,  
Wrought flame in another man’s heart.”

## ADDRESS

*By* DR. FREDERICK F. SHANNON

**A**FTER Tennyson had written that immortal poem, "Crossing the Bar," and when he had come to the end of life, he was lying there in his great home, with the moonlight falling all about him, and his finger resting upon that deathless line in Cymbelline: "Hang there like fruit, my soul, until the tree dies."

We are gathered here this afternoon to rest for a little while beneath the shade, the kindly shade of one of the greatest human trees that have grown in this city. Life is full of new beginnings; but life is also full of significant pauses, and this is one of those significant pauses in the lives, in the hearts, of many of us today. Life is like a book. We follow an enchanting, mysterious, beautiful book chapter by chapter to the end, and then, one day, one hour, one golden, memorable hour we reach the last sentence of the last chapter, and we are never quite the same again. Our life is like a highway along which the great stations of being are, and we are passengers on the great train of destiny; and some day the train pauses at a particular station, and all the other passengers remember that one passenger got off. That is a memorable day in the lives of all the other passengers. We are the passengers today.

Here is a life that may be pictured by the vision of the seer, that great, beautiful poet of the Revelation, in which he saw the City of God coming down out of Heaven, a perfect cube.

Which was the more wonderful side of his nature, no body shall say. You say he was a great lover. Another man

says he was a great orator. Another man says he was a great preacher; another man says he was a poet; another man says he was an art lover. You cannot put your finger upon the particular phase of his greatness.

So I am to speak to you this afternoon about that personal touch that was the revelation of the man. Always, everywhere, more wonderful than anything he achieved, more beautiful than anything he said was just what he was himself. Personality,—that is the explanation of the man. And so, as I was looking out at that lake this afternoon,—the lake which he loved and of which he has written so beautifully, with its sea-green splendor, I was thinking of a ripple, and then I was thinking of a wave, and then I was thinking of a billow.

Think of him for a moment in that quiet inner circle, where the beautiful play of his personality was over those who knew him as you and I could not know him. You know, my friends, there is a peculiar pathos in the life of a celebrated man in the contrasting pictures that the family has of the man, and the pictures that the public carry of the man in their memory. For example, you say he was a great citizen. There is a lonely woman here this afternoon who says: "He was a great lover." You say he was a great platform man. There is a little group of hearts here this afternoon who know that Heaven is richer and the earth is poorer, who say: "He was my father." You say he was a lover of art, that he was enchanted by the beautiful, and he lent a touch of beauty to everything that came within the compass of his nature. There are little grandchildren who say: "He was my big, joyful grandpapa and play-fellow."

God's throne is surrounded by the mystery of personality. The greatest achievement in the universe is personality. It is here that we find the spell and the wonder of his greatness, for only yesterday did I hear of this concerning this big man, of whom Dr. Gilkey has spoken so fittingly. He would come home sometimes and send the passenger check of



a Pullman ticket to his little grandson. Why? He knew his grandson loved trains. This man carried great affairs in his mind and great burdens upon his heart. His was a genius for detail also. He could remember the little lad. Sometimes he would sit down and carefully fold a bit of tin foil, place it in an envelope and send it to a little girl. Why? He knew that a child loves bright, beautiful things. And so you have the ripple here, this inner or quiet ripple of his being in these hidden, golden precincts of his life, that you and I know nothing about. But that ripple became a wave, it enlarged and out of that inner circle there came this other man whom you know and whom you love. It is the circle of the lodge of friendship.

Now, this is one of the very tremendous things that we have to reckon with in studying the great man: the greater the personality the larger the variety of material things he requires for his own self-expression. That is always the test of genius. The savage is satisfied with a cabin; the modern man must have a palace. One is a starved nature; the other is a large, opulent, rich nature.

And so this man required so many kinds of material things to express himself,—sky, sea, earth, color, music, poetry, eloquence, gospel, essays,—you know what I mean. For example: you are a philanthropist, and you have in these years within this city given of your wealth for the benefit, the uplift of humanity. How often have you sat down with this man and thought he was a wise counsellor in the distribution of your earthly goods. But you are an architect also, and you have sometimes sat down with him and talked about the finer, beautiful buildings that are yet to be in this city, and you found that he was not only of the philanthropic strain, but that he was also of the architectural strain.

You are a lover of art; you, too, have the strain of the beautiful within you, and one day you had to call upon him in order that you might have this more abundant beauty

clarified and given adequate expression. You found that he was an art lover, and so you might run it through all these twelve apostles of worth in human life, and he stands over against each one, until what happened yesterday in our own home has happened in many homes within this city and within this land. When it became necessary for us to send the tidings to a friend who had not yet heard that he had gone home, this is what the voice said: "Dr. Gunsaulus gone? Why he was my very best friend." He spoke truly, and you said that also. Scores of people said that, with no sense whatsoever of the violation, of the laws and fidelities of friendship. They all spoke truly, because this man was so gloriously personal that he required many kinds of material for the expression of his nature.

Charles Kingsley used to say, "A friend is some one whom we can always trust, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who cares for us in spite of our faults."

That is what many people said yesterday and will say today as they think of the personal touch of this man upon their lives, and as they think that never again will they see him in the flesh, because they are saying the words of that greatest of laureates:

"Love is and was my lord and king,  
And in his presence I attend;  
To hear the tidings of my friend,  
Which every hour his couriers bring.  
Love is and was my king and lord,  
And will be, tho as yet I keep  
Within his court on earth, and sleep  
Encompassed by his faithful guard  
And hear at times a sentinel  
Who moves about from place to place,  
And whispers to the worlds of space,  
In the deep night, that all is well."

James Martineau used to say that personality is so wonderful that the God of personality is bound to preserve it. You cannot hand personality forward to another gen-

eration as you can hand instincts, as you can hand hereditary influences. It is a unique achievement in the world and in the universe. I was in Dr. Gilkey's home the other morning and the little four-year-old girl was showing me some pictures of herself, and said, "My mother says that this picture is just like a beautiful cloud floating in the sky;" and then she walked to the table and took down a picture of her mother, and I said, "Oh, be careful, be very careful with that picture." She said, "I am always very careful with breakable pictures."

Do you tell me that the great God is not careful with the most beautiful thing that He has created within His far-flung universe; and do you tell me that that body represents all there is of this great, beautiful, regnant, deathless personality?

God, as that great philosopher says, is bound to preserve the jewel when the casket is gone.

And so, you think of him as the ripple, and then you think of him as the wave; but you think of him as a great Christian minister, and then you see the ripple has gone into the wave, and the wave has gone into the billow that touches all shores of life.

There are three aspects of his Christian ministry in this city,—not only in this city, but in the world, that I wish to speak of. First of all, it takes on the aspect of absolute uniqueness in American history. A few American preachers have equalled him as a preacher. A fewer few have surpassed him as a preacher, but this is my deliberate conclusion: that no minister in American life has woven himself so largely, so many-sidedly into any city as this great, opulent personality has woven himself into the life of Chicago. And, Oh, within it all and the heart-beat of it all, was the democracy, the fine, high democracy of it.

I shall never forget a few years ago when visiting Chicago he was taking me through the Art Institute and I had a three-

fold joy that day. The first was this: hearing him talk about pictures. You know how he could talk about pictures. The second joy was this: on looking at the pictures themselves. The third one, the one that I shall never, never forget, was that of a little street urchin who had gathered about the group following him around as he talked, and all the while getting in between Dr. Gunsaulus and myself, as he talked about the pictures. The boy did not know what he was saying, but there was something in our vanished friend's face that fairly enchanted that little newsboy.

And so I remember the talk, and I remember some of the pictures, but I remember most of all the gaze of that little child as he looked up into the face of this wonderfully beautiful, magnetic soul, whose loveliness overflowed through his personality,—his *personality*.

Then there was not only the uniqueness of his ministry, there was the completeness of it. What I mean by that is this, (and there were very, very strange, mysterious days in the last week of this man's life). On Monday he asked me, as he often did on Monday morning, to come to Armour Institute. He said, "I have two things to say to you, Shannon. The first is this",—referring to some remarks he had made at our annual dinner of Central Church two weeks ago, in which he spoke of the fact that we needed our Endowment Fund to be enlarged, and he hoped Central Church would be remembered in many wills,—he said: "I saw a will yesterday in which Central Church is remembered for \$50,000, that this great downtown mission, one of the greatest missions in any downtown center in the world, may go on through the years to be. That is the first thing I want to tell you." He said, "Shannon, the second thing is this,—and I have not spoken of it to members of the family, you know, when I preach these days I always want to cast the net." You preachers understand that; you Christian workers understand that. And then he said, with a tender,

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wistful longing in his voice and in his face: "I will soon be due over Yonder, and I do not want to allow any opportunities to pass by."

The other night in his life that was most significant was when he was called up on behalf of the Near East Relief Commission. He got out of his bed, sick as he was, and carrying even then, though we did not know it, his death wound, when he went to the telephone, and this is what he said: "Use my name in any way you care to. We must save Armenia, because Armenia is the gate way. Don't thank me. I have done my duty." Great ministry out of a great heart! But, on Wednesday afternoon, having worked steadily on the lectures to be given on the Merrick Foundation at Ohio Wesleyan University, he straightened up, as only he could straighten up, and after having finished several things that he was eager to see completed, this is what he said: "Now, I am ready to go back to the arms of my mother." "Now, I am ready to go back to the arms of my mother."

My friends, I would not read into those words any false or untrue things that he did not mean to put into them, but they are capable in this hour of a wonderfully consoling interpretation. Did he think he was going back to the bosom of the earth mother? I was out there at Forest Home yesterday afternoon and I saw that beautiful oak tree beneath which his ashes will rest, and do you know I thought of the tree as a kind of harp; and the branches were strings, and the gentle winds with their invisible fingers were playing melodies for this nature-lover. Was he ready to go back to the arms of the mother of us all? Or, was he thinking of that other beautiful mother, the woman who labored him into life, and who, a few years ago, slipped away? Was he? Men, let me speak frankly to you, because, if we are true men, we always make the return to our mother's arms. The innocence, the trustfulness, the child-likeness sometimes

comes up in the ripe and beautiful fruitage of the soul, until, though we are always children to our mothers, if we unfold beautifully we come back to the arms of our mothers as little children.

Or was he thinking of that most beautiful thought that the human heart ever dreamed of God? Not even that of God as a Father, but of God who so instilled His music into one of the great hearts of the ancient days, that He said: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee".

The heart of Chicago is very tender this afternoon, because the best, the deepest, the richest in the soul of Chicago was concretely expressed in this personality which has passed into the City of Life.

One day that vagrant poet, Francis Thompson, said, "Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven." When I thought of this man's love for little children and for great, strong men, and in the throb of his great career having time for little ones, I spoke of that; but the woman to whom I spoke said: "You cannot look for him merely in the nurseries of Heaven; you shall have to look for him everywhere; you shall have to look among the artists, you shall have to look among the great builders, you shall have to look among the great poets, you shall have to look among the preachers, the martyrs, and the prophets; you shall have to look for him everywhere!" Because he was so many-sided and so rich in his nature that he required many kinds of earths, as he shall require many kinds of Heavens for self-expression.

I shall never forget the first time I saw him. It was in a church on Fifth Avenue, New York. I was sitting with a great lover of Dr. Gunsaulus, who said: "You must come in from the country this summer when he comes to New York and you must go with me to hear him preach." I had never seen him. As he walked into the pulpit of the Marble

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Collegiate Church, this is what my friend said: "Isn't he beautiful?"

The last time I saw him was last Monday morning at the Armour Institute, and those long gone years came back, and as I looked into his face as he talked of throwing the net and drawing it, I said, as I came out of the office, "Isn't he beautiful, *beautiful?*"

My friends, when all your skyscrapers are level with the dust, and when all your railways have gone to rust, and when your art galleries and your great educational institutions have passed away, this is the one thing that abides in the beautifully harmonious and gloriously wrought-out universe of the great God: It is that picture of the human personality which as the little girl said with reference to her mother's picture, she was very careful not to break, so the great Father, the great Heart that gave him the secret of his teaching power, that gave him the spell of his eloquence,—He keeps that in His bosom, safe.

We must be better people because this good man has lived among us, and we must imitate him in that larger hearted, splendid fashion in which he imitated the Lord and Master of us all.

## PRAYER OF MR. GILKEY

**G**OD of all life, from Whom we come, in Whom we live and move and have our being, to Whom at last we return; we give Thee solemn thanks today for all those great souls who have shown us more of the meaning and richness of life; especially for this great soul whom Thou didst make and send into our world, into our friendship, into our affection; who has stretched all our measurements and enlarged our horizons and deepened our experiences and lifted up our hearts nearer to Thee.

On behalf of all those young men and women in this city, of all those men and women of this land, whose eyes he has opened to new significance in life and new possibilities of living, whose careers he has shaped and guided and inspired, we bless Thee for his kindling power, his winsomeness, and his magnetic leadership.

On behalf of all those men and women in sorrow and loneliness and perplexity and sin, whom he has shepherded and strengthened and comforted and sustained, we bless Thee for his great heart, for his quick sympathy, for his strong faith, and for his knowledge of the living God. And on behalf of all of us for whom he has made it easier to believe in God, for whom he has made the way that follows Christ more winsome and rich and alluring, before whom he has bodied forth and expressed in time the friendliness and the integrity and the love that are eternal, we bless thee.

O God, with whom are the issues of the future, we commend to Thee those causes and those institutions which through him Thou hast created and quickened in our midst. Raise up among us those who can continue his yet unfinished



work, and carry it farther and higher and wider yet; fit us all to undertake some small part of his great and manifold service; and raise up among us, we beseech Thee, those who can lead on and out and up, even as he did.

Father of Mercies and God of all Comfort, Thou knowest with what tenderness of sympathy and affection we commend these unto Thee upon whom his loss falls nearest and sorest. Give them, even in these sad hours, a sustaining pride in such a love as his was, and a deepening sense of the noble heritage of one who feared and honored Thy name. Thou knowest what things they have need of before we ask Thee. Fulfill now, O Lord, the desire and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them.

And O Eternal God, Who hast given for these brief years into our acquaintance and our affection this great soul, lift up, we beseech Thee, our eyes also, as his have so long been lifted up, to behold the City that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. There may our treasure be, as his was. There may we put, too, our faith and hope and love. On our ears also, as so sweetly on his while he was with us, may the music of that unseen world break in all its beauty and its transfiguring power. And when to us also the summons shall come, grant, we beseech Thee, that with some such triumphant entrance as his, we also may enter in, sure like him not only of an abundant welcome, but sure of being at home with all the dwellers there, with Jesus Christ, and with Thee our God, in the Father's house of many mansions, to go no more out forever.

And now, may the peace of God, which passeth all human understanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and the love of God; and the blessing of God the Father, the faith of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, and the indwelling presence of the Divine Spirit, the Comforter, go with us from this place, and abide with us and within us, forever. Amen.

## ADDRESS

*Delivered at Central Church, Chicago, April 3rd, 1921*

*By* DR. NEWELL D. HILLIS

**B**EGINNING his career in 1856; a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan College at nineteen years of age; pastor of an important church at twenty; called to Eastwood at twenty-two; author of a volume of sermons at twenty-three, and of the "Metamorphosis of a Creed" at twenty-four; founder of a new organization and builder of a new church in Columbus at twenty-five; called to a suburb of Boston at twenty-eight; there honored with the close and intimate friendship of Phillips Brooks; pastor of the Brown Memorial in Baltimore, and lecturer in Johns Hopkins University upon "The Messages of the Great English Poets;" collector of illuminated missals, old manuscripts and rare books; then owner of the two finest Mauves in existence, both now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York; called to the Plymouth Church of Chicago at thirty-two years of age; crowding that historic church with eager and ambitious young men; empowered by Philip Armour at the close of a Sunday morning sermon to spend two million, eight hundred thousand dollars in founding the Armour Institute; a lecturer whose voice rang forth hundreds of times upon the American platform; poet, novelist, author, and close friend of Eugene Field, with whom he competed in the search for first editions and rare books; my own successor in Central Church, founded by Professor Swing in 1875, and where until his death in 1894 Swing had his throne and stretched wide his scepter; this myriadminded man, Gunsaulus,

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this preacher, educator, patriot, this Great Heart, toiled for the people of Chicago, for the Commonwealth of Illinois, and for this Republic.

### HIS MANY-SIDED LIFE

Gunsaulus was born with the art of putting things. In calling him to the prophet's desk, God called his ancestors. He could make sentences as simple as sunshine and send them straight as arrows to their mark. But sometimes when he had overprepared, he used an involved and labored style. In these days when preaching has become difficult, passion is still left the preacher. Passion was in Gunsaulus, like iron in the blood, like fire in the eye, like music in the voice. The pulpit was his throne, and from thirty to sixty years of age he ruled great audiences like an uncrowned king.

In certain rare and rapt moods he lifted men literally out of this world. At his best, there was no better. On heated and tumultuous occasions, when feeling ran high, and antagonists were in his audience, Gunsaulus rose to certain levels where he seemed inspired, and the multitudes listened to him with the same rapture with which they listened to Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, when every violin was sounding, and every trumpet, harp and 'cello, and a great chorus of human voices, united in the superb climax of some great symphony. He had been preaching for ten years, and was a national figure, when I finished my studies in the theological seminary in 1887, and often, standing far off, I watched Great Heart standing at the gates of the City of Man's Soul, calling at the entrance of the dark streets, charming the keeper of the gate, winning generous welcome, and entering in with warning, comfort, medicine, light, and inspiration. In those far off days, he walked the streets of Chicago with the beauty of a young god, and men knew there was nothing they could not hope for, from Gunsaulus.

HIDINGS OF POWER

Gifted with boundless nervous resources, he seemed a man above physical tire. Because he could do many things, in many realms, he often dissipated his energies. One day in the library of an English city, I found that his novel, "Monk and Knight," carried double stars, and was referred to as the best historical novel upon the era of the Aldine presses. But Gunsaulus wrote those two volumes on telegraph blanks and scraps of paper, as he lived upon railway trains, and went from city to city, writing by day, lecturing at night, living on sleeping cars, always telegraphing, telephoning and writing home to his assistants full directions as to his plans for church, and Institute, and his students.

Somewhere in his "Phidias" there is a bit of verse written while standing on the deck of a French steamer, as he stood looking down upon the steel prow as it cut its way through the waves, and listening to the low throbbing of that fiery heart that was driving the great ship through the storm. And in that verse Gunsaulus unconsciously revealed the mighty passion that forced his intellect and life, with its rich mental and spiritual cargo on and on toward an unseen continent.

PLACED SERVICE ABOVE CULTURE

It is but yesterday that one of his letters began with the reminder that with this week "thirty-three years have passed since the beginning of our friendship, years when together we have passed through deep waters, walked under dark skies, and together have known joy and sorrow, after the fashion of those two disciples on the walk to Emmaus, but with never a cloud between us as large as a man's hand". A thousand times, however, I urged my old friend to give up all work not related to his pulpit and his verse, insisting

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that he should polish certain pages into classic perfection and find the leisure to sing his songs of God, and home, and love, and childhood, and native land. But always he answered, that whenever I would give up the lecture platform and the heavy task of publishing a sermon a week under his insistence, that he would follow my judgment.

And then one day he answered. "Time enough for study beyond. Now, for me, the months are short. What I do, I must do quickly. To youth with root and sheaf of latent faculty I must be sun and warmth and rain. And from beyond I will see my boys ripen the fruit and win victories, and bring in a golden age, that now I shall die without seeing." He put aside many ambitions, that he might serve. Many a man is in the world today who can remember the mistake or the sin that wrecked his life, and pulled down his house, and made it a black room, and how, suddenly, in the time of need, he turned to find Gunsaulus standing beside the ruin, and presenting a plan for rebuilding the wreck. I knew him through and through, and there neither was, nor is, nor can be, a kinder, braver, knightlier man. One such mind and heart would fully justify the Christian Church.

### HIS LONG ILLNESS

For years, like the great apostle, he carried his thorn in the flesh. Extreme overwork, and a sharp attack of fever, brought on inflammatory rheumatism, that threatened to burn away his very life. When a year had passed, and the agony of sciatica began to abate, it was discovered that the right hip was ankylosed thus interfering with circulation and making exercise impossible. Oft I have seen a spasm of pain pass over his face. Full oft I have seen his forehead moist with beads that were drops of agony. In many a hotel in this land have I watched the passing of the attack, with spasms growing less sharp, even as one watches the dying

away of the lightning upon a night when the horizon was black with thunder.

Once, that noble lover of his fellow men, who gives his money in millions for strengthening the Armour Institute, made Dr. Gunsaulus enter a hospital to be examined by a surgeon from Vienna. That expert believed that with his knife he could restore movement to the hip joint. At the moment before he passed under the ether, Gunsaulus expressed regret that the knife must be used, insisting that he had little confidence in the operation. An hour later, he awakened to consciousness and saw this surgeon's face emerging from the mist, and heard a voice shouting, "Cheer up, Doctor! Cheer up! There is no hope. There is no hope." And there was no hope. He was an Atlas who was henceforth crippled, though he carried a world upon his shoulders.

#### HIS CHARACTERISTICS

The characteristics of his preaching were illustrated in his every sermon. He preached optimism and not pessimism. He was positive, and not negative; he was constructive, and not critical. He never could have said, "I know that the human race will perish in the wilderness, but I get along better with men by talking to them about the Promised Land." For Gunsaulus' preaching was not of the intellect; it was born of experience and of the heart. His optimism was unfailing, because his faith in God failed not. He had an immeasurable faith in men, because they were in the image of God. The fundamental principles of the Christian religion were for him as firm as the mountains and as clear as the stars.

Never was there a better friend. He was an ideal companion. A day upon the train with Gunsaulus was like a flashing gem, set upon the iron ring of the week. What wit and humor were his! What fountains of laughter gushed in

his speech! He could etch with a pen of a Rembrandt the portraits of the deacon, fat and jolly; the deacon thin and sal-low, the deacon melancholy, and the deacon who was mush.

He had a hundred experiences to relate, of the introductions that he had endured upon the platform. Beginning with the chairman who said, "Our lecture course this year has been a failure. Our committee has not had either the sense or the experience to know who the good lecturers are." And ending with the youth who said, "Ladies and gentlemen: I now have great pleasure in presenting to this distinguished audience a man who needs no introduction to an American audience, Dr. Savonarola, who will give his great lecture on Gunsaulus." Socrates told his judges that he was not unwilling to die, because heaven meant to him long evenings with Homer and Hesiod, and much good talk. One of the half dozen best conversers of his era was Gunsaulus. He was one of the finest raconteurs of any age or time. The future is the brighter because it will mean Gunsaulus, leisure and much good talk.

For great multitudes it is as if a bright star had suddenly disappeared from the sky. Let us remember that ships do not sink when they disappear, and the star is not blotted out because the orb has passed beyond the horizon. Now that he has gone, many of us "look with altered eyes upon an altered world." The passing of a great soul, so vast, so rich, so just, so tender and merciful, makes immortality a logical inference that cannot be denied. Men set up a tent for a summer's holiday; men build a Parthenon and a Louvre for enduring centuries. It is intellectually absurd that this great man should have been built like a temple, and cathedral, and stored with all the treasures gathered through sixty and more summers and winters, and then, when the preacher scholar, teacher, orator, and poet is just ready for his work, was brought into that goal named a black hole, dugged in the waving grass.

The logical inferences from the being of God are not simply the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, of truth over error, with the pledge of the resources of this Unseen Being to man, but also the life immortal. In dying, Gunsaulus journeyed on alone, and that was a new experience. Always before, he had insisted that the path he chose must be wide enough to include many pilgrims, despite the fact that the travelers filled the air with dust. At the end, he might have whispered with Robert Hall, to the Lord and Master of us all, "Lo, these are the sheep thou gavest me, and not one of them is lost."

For many, many years to multitudes he has been a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, and now that the splendor has passed from the clouds, and the glory has gone from the sky, it is for us to rejoice that he brought his band of celestial pilgrims to the very edge of the Promised Land, and saw his host encamped and hanging out signals of victory.



## MEMORIAL SERVICE

A MEMORIAL Service was held in the Auditorium, Chicago, on Sunday afternoon, April 24th, with the following program:

Ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois acting as Chairman.

Invocation by Dr. Frederick F. Shannon.

Hymn: "Hide me, Lord, in Thy Pavilion."

Words by Dr. Gunsaulus.

Announcement . . . . . *Hon. Frank O. Lowden.*

Address: "Dr. Gunsaulus, the Minister." *Bishop Frank N. Bristol.*

"Christ is Eternal." Words by Dr.

Gunsaulus. . . . . *Central Church Chorus.*

Address: "Dr. Gunsaulus, the Educator." *Dean Louis C. Monin.*

Address: "Dr. Gunsaulus, the Art Lover." *Charles L. Hutchinson.*

Hymn: "O Love that will not let me go."

Words by George Matheson.

Address: "Dr. Gunsaulus, the Citizen." . *Edgar A. Bancroft.*

Presentation of Resolutions. . . . . *Bernard E. Sunny.*

Hallelujah Chorus.—Handel . . . . . *Central Church Chorus.*

Benediction . . . . . *Rt. Rev. Samuel T. Fallows.*

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

*By* Chairman HONORABLE FRANK O. LOWDEN

THE world is poorer today because Dr. Gunsaulus has gone, especially to those of us who were wont, Sunday after Sunday, to gather in this Auditorium, and which, under his influence, became a veritable temple to us. It is, indeed, a solemn occasion. So instinct was he with life, that it is difficult to realize that we shall see him no more. It is hard for us to believe that that great heart, which never ceased to beat in sympathy with all who were weak, or all who were in need, or all who required help; it is hard for us to realize that that hearth as ceased forever.

I remember well the first service of Dr. Gunsaulus in this hall. There are many here today who will recall it. From that day to this, this has been a sacred place, where men and women have gathered to renew their courage and their hope, to gather inspiration for the coming week. No words of mine could be as fitting on this occasion as some words which that other great preacher, David Swing, the first pastor of this church, uttered years ago, and whom we have never ceased to revere in all the years that have come and gone since he left us, and I am sure that when, on some far distant future occasion, members of this church, will gather here, they will cherish in their minds and hearts the same tenderness and the same devotion to the memory of Frank Wakely Gunsaulus that we, who are older now, felt for David Swing. These are the words of David Swing that were uttered on a similar occasion to this, and I will now read them:

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“The sad memories which death brings are a part of our education. Under the influence of an absent soul, the heart softens. Man goes forth each day more the friend of his race and more of a worshiper of God. The death of a friend exalts those who remain to work, but sorrow must ennoble duty, not end it. We must so feel that death is a part of God’s plan and a part of God’s love that he gives to the lowliest. One must seem attached to the work we are to do. These tomes and these duties are entangled. We cannot separate them. We cannot put asunder what God has joined together. May all who mourn have such faith in the teachings of our Christian religion that each absent one may make duty more sacred, happiness higher and deeper and heaven nearer.”

The first speaker upon the program will speak to the subject of Gunsaulus, the Preacher, and no man in all America could be found better suited for that than the life-long friend of our friend, the great preacher himself, and I have the pleasure of introducing Bishop Bristol.

## DR. GUNSAULUS, THE MINISTER

*By* BISHOP FRANK M. BRISTOL, of Methodist Church

THE presence of this great assembly of the representative citizens of Chicago is, in itself, a more eloquent tribute to the memory of Dr. Gunsaulus than any that can be spoken by the lips of any individual.

If by some subtle power one were able to gather from these minds and hearts, like fragrant flowers from woodland and meadow, and gardens, all the hallowed memories, all the fine sweet thoughts of admiration and appreciation, all the feelings of love and grief and all the sentiments of undying gratitude, which are ours today, and then were able to write and present them in most beautiful and noble phrase, that only and nothing less than that could form a tribute worthy to garland the name of Frank Wakely Gunsaulus.

So many sided was his genius, so varied were his accomplishments, so diversified and multiplied were his activities, and in so many different directions did his beneficent influence extend that it has seemed wise to present the most prominent and striking phases of his character and life not in one but in several addresses.

To me has been assigned the inestimable privilege of presenting an appreciation of Dr. Gunsaulus as a minister.

But yesterday I stood again before that remarkably life-like portrait of my dearest friend in the Art Institute. Once more he seemed to speak to me and in the old familiar way said: "Frank Bristol, you know that above all else in this world I have wished to be known and I now wish to be remembered as a minister of the Gospel."



Portrait by Louis Betts, 1902 — Owned by the Art Institute of Chicago



On this theme it will be difficult to avoid superlatives. To excel in the highest and holiest of all callings is an achievement possible only to a man of uncommon endowments.

The great preacher is a composite being, combining in one masterful individuality—the orator and actor, the poet and philosopher, the scholar and teacher, the dreamer and the seer. These diversified gifts contribute to the glory of his power, as the refraction and reflection of its multiplied facets produce the matchless splendor of the diamond.

It has been given to few in the history of the American pulpit to so adequately realize this ideal of the great preacher as did Doctor Gunsaulus.

That brilliant mind would have made him a man of distinction in any profession which he might have chosen. He elected to be a minister; and, to be a great preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ he esteemed as the highest of all earthly dignities, and the most divinely ordained vocation for greatest service to mankind.

His call to the ministry found him a living embodiment of the first person; singular number, present tense, imperative—"I must."

As by a divine compulsion, his whole strenuous, tireless life was lived in the imperative mood. He spoke, therefore as one sent from God. All who listened felt the deep, glowing sincerity of his message and yielded to the strange winsomeness and power of his manly convictions.

Rarely does there come to the pulpit a man who is so rich a combination of reason and imagination, emotion and intellect, logical acumen and poetic sensibilities,—esthetic feeling and common sense, prophetic vision and inspirational force.

A university man, thoroughly furnished in the learning and scholarship of his high calling, an omniverous reader in all departments of literature, master of all lore, lover of books and of men, of poetry, art and music, his mind stored

with an amazing wealth of historical and biographical knowledge, a student of the social, educational, economic, and secular as well as religious problems of his day, our princely Gunsaulus consecrated his transcendent natural gifts and all the wealth of his attainments to the ministry of the glorious Gospel.

Though we were never acquainted with another man who knew so much about so many things and knew it so well, we are convinced that the central, dominating element of his power was that virile, winning, forceful, magnetic personality. Doctor Williams, professor of Greek in the Ohio Wesleyan University, once told me that young Gunsaulus was by reason of his charming personality the most popular student in the University of his time. "In the days of Chapel orations," said the professor, "we always had a full attendance on Chapel exercises when it was known that Frank Gunsaulus was to give the oration." Learned faculty and students alike gave their hearts to this magnetic man.

When he entered upon his ministry that same winning, attracting, heart-conquering personality made his pulpit a center and a throne of power; it gave to the dignity and grandeur of his style a convincing and persuasive charm that held audiences spell bound while men caught new visions of God, saw new glories of saving grace in Jesus Christ and heard the inner divine call to the clearer duty and the higher life. His admirers, nay his followers, for he was a leader, became thousands of such as

"Loved him so, followed him, honored him.  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him their pattern to live and to die."

With all the breadth and liberality of his theological views, the opulence and universality of his knowledge, his appreciation of religious indebtedness to science, philosophy,



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criticism and all higher learning, Doctor Gunsaulus was a thinker and teacher whose convictions were of sovereign authority in his ministry and whose faith in the eternal verities of religion rooted itself in the profoundest depths of his strong mental and spiritual constitution. Hence, there was never an uncertain, hesitating or equivocal tone in his Gospel message. He did not teach by negation but by affirmation; always clearly, positively, convincingly setting forth the truth. As a preacher of the Word he was neither technically exegetical nor topical, didactic nor hortatory but, with his chaste and manly eloquence he was always gloriously inspirational.

In his mastery of the Scriptures, he taught the spirit of the Word and never sacrificed the spirit to the letter. He presented religion to men not as a creed, a formulary, a ceremony or even a philosophy, but as a *life*, as the complete abundant ideal *life*. He declared the truth so unanswerably, with such a "Sweet reasonableness" that his auditors could have no argument with him. They simply surrendered. One might as reasonably argue against the beauty of the lily, the fragrance of the rose, the song of the lark, the onward sweep of the river, the majesty of the mountain, the glory of the stars or the proud music of the storm, or the splendor of the morning as against the preaching of a God-sent man whose most characteristic message to humanity was: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." Who has done more in this community during the past thirty-four years than Doctor Gunsaulus to make men "think on these things"? Ever was this big-brained stalwart man of God

"Filling our souls with sentiments august,  
The beautiful, the brave, the holy and the just."

Those who came to hear this great preacher went thoughtfully on their way not with a new philosophical theory vexing their wits, not with a new and executive theological formulary upsetting their convictions, not with a new exegetical interpretation of some non-essential text of scripture, but they went on their way with a great new, uplifting inspiration, with a new, sweet light kindling within, with a new vision of the life that now is and of that which is to come, with a new faith in God and in humanity, and with a new ideal of character to be realized by experience in "The measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Doctor Gunsaulus was no less perfect a genius as a preacher than others have been genius gifted in art, in poetry, in music, in invention, in science or in statesmanship.

"Born for success he seemed,  
With grace to win, with heart to hold,  
With shining gifts that took all eyes."

We always felt flattered, at least honored that he came to his pulpit thoroughly prepared to deliver both an edifying and important message. He felt the obligation and the responsibility of a great mind in presenting the most essential truths in the more attractive and convincing style. He explored all the realms of knowledge that he might bring the richest contributions of science, art, philosophy, criticism, poetry, history and music, as the wise men of the East brought their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh to honor and glorify Jesus Christ as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

He preached, not speculatively, apologetically, but as a prophet whose lips the angel had touched with the living fire of holy inspirations. He came to his pulpit as Milton would say, from "Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies;" he came from the majestic silences of hallowed meditation, he came as one who had been alone with God, on the summits

where rests the heavenly light, as one who had walked with Jesus and had sweet converse with him among the hills and through the vineyards and by the sea.

One has said that after John Bunyan had died on his Master's bosom, he could ever after say "I have heard the beating of God's heart." Gunsaulus had heard the beating of God's heart.

It is the illumination and power of a Gospel ministry such as this that saves the pulpit from the charge of dullness, inanity, and uninteresting uninforming commonplace. No cant, no stereotyped phraseology, no quibbling over non-essentials, no arrogant dogmatism, no ecclesiastical professionalism weakened the power and authority of his message. His sermons were not mere bouquets, rhetorical flowers, culled from the gardens of literature, and presented to his audiences in apt and felicitous quotations. They were honey from the rock of the mountain of God. And if he gathered nectar from the fragrant flowers blooming in the gardens of history and letters, it passed through the living alembic of his own mind and heart to be spiritually transmuted into food for the soul, "Sweeter than honey and the honey comb."

As he ever saw and felt the charm of the ideal, so did he ever teach by presenting the ideal. Let beauty teach beauty, let truth teach truth, let perfection teach perfection. It was Michael Angelo's method to teach, not by criticisms, but by creation, not by fault finding and denunciation, but by presenting the beauty of the ideal. So in the divine art of fashioning soul and character this was the method of Dr. Gunsaulus. If he was a man of books, enamoured of music, poetry and art, so was he a son of nature who found

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Surely Cowper's charge could not be laid to him—

“Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up.”

What boundless, fathomless resources were at his command! Out of the fountain's depths of his own great heart, out of the sad and joyful experiences of life, out of the history of humanity, out of the sighs and music, the tears and laughter of the world, out of the shadowing mysteries, and out of the illuminating revelations brought he forth things new and old, but never came he save with a full mind and a full heart to impart wisdom and understanding.

As we call to mind the truly great preachers of the past half century, in the immortal galaxy with Beecher, and Spurgeon, Liddon and Farrar, Storrs and Simpson, Brooks and Swing will ever shine the name of Gunsaulus.

But with such encomium we make bold to add that in certain characteristics, he stands alone and peerless in our memory. Doctor Gunsaulus came to realize with more profound conviction that his ministry was to the future, he must help to mould the tomorrow, hence his devotion to the training of the youth. Salvation, to him, had a very broad and all comprehensive meaning. To save our boys from ignorance, poverty and crime, to give them a vision of life, in all its possibilities, of usefulness, and of greatness, to make them self-reliant and capable, efficient in the world of activity, to inspire them with the purpose to work out their own salvation, that was his dream and that was his mission. Saving the soul meant saving the man, the whole man, saving the life, saving it for God and humanity. It meant a cleaner, more perfect physical life, a more highly trained intellectual life, a purer spiritual life. It meant better food, better clothing, better shelter, better health, better education, better morals, a better job and a better chance in this world as well as a better hope for the world to come. And what is all this but the religion of Him who went about doing good, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the

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deaf, causing the dumb to sing, the lame to walk and the impotent to take on strength? What a host of competent, educated, high minded successful men and women today rise up and call him blessed, who in his ministry of faith and courage of preparedness and opportunity of a new purpose and a fair chance, taught them how to front the future with hope and how to make their lives sublime. It was a sermon by Doctor Gunsaulus, delivered in Plymouth Church, that wakened in the heart of one of Chicago's philanthropists the purpose that created Armour Institute. That sermon preached when the prophetic fire was burning in his bones, lays all the future under contribution to his fame.

No man among us was recognized as a higher authority on what is true and beautiful in art, finest in literature, more elevating and worship inspiring in music, most essential and fundamental in education, most indispensable to the social welfare and to the religion that makes for personal honor and for the righteousness that exalteth a nation. No preacher, no man, has set more of us to thinking noble thoughts, reading good books, understanding and admiring high art, appreciating and demanding the best music in religious worship, living Jesus Christ, and serving our fellow men.

In his relations with people he had the genius of approach, and his adaptability to all manly companionships was more than a talent. He was at home everywhere—in the poor man's cottage or the rich man's palace. He was everybody's friend, nay he was everybody's big, strong, generous soul-inspiring brother. All Chicago knew him, honored him, loved him. The poet and the peddler, the artist and the artizan, learned professors and laboring people, the millionaire and the moneyless, yes, the saints and sinners all, they knew him, they honored him, they loved him, they revere his memory. And today every man and woman and child, whether of low or high degree, feels a loss beyond all measure of expression for something great and

beautiful and good has gone out of our lives in the passing of this noble soul and the earthly ending of this hallowed and glorious ministry. When he passed away no preacher of his time had a more universal fame.

It was said of the men who as architects and masons conceived and piled into magnificence the vast and stately Cathedrals of England that they built their lives into those beautiful walls, those stately columns, those graceful spires of the houses of God.

So hath this man built his life into the characters and successful careers of thousands, built his life into the enduring strength and greatness of this city. His ministry has been a vital power in fashioning the better and greater Chicago. His name, his life, his genius, his soul, belongs to her imperishable history.

I lay all these superlatives of love, honor, gratitude and praise upon the altar of his memory; "For know ye not that a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel."

## DOCTOR GUNSAULUS, THE EDUCATOR

*Address by* LOUIS C. MONIN, Dean of  
Armour Institute of Technology.

THE axe has been laid to the tree, and a mighty man has fallen. We are gathered here to-day for a memorial service, our hearts full of sorrow in the great bereavement which has come to our institution, to our city, to our country, in the death of our beloved friend, Doctor Frank Wakely Gunsaulus. We are also gathered here to-day, however, in the resolve that the work which he has left unfinished, whether it be in the church, or the school, or the home, or the state, shall be continued in loyalty and with the enthusiasm of his inspiration and leadership, and in the spirit of him who has left us.

Education has been defined as “the conscious influence of one will upon another so as to produce in it a conformity to an ideal which it sets before it;—” an ideal of scholarship, or of conduct, or of citizenship, or of manhood and womanhood. Doctor Gunsaulus did not lack the essential parts of this definition. He had the human material to work with; he had his powerful will, almost resistless, and he had the ideals. What made him an educator, however, I think, are two or three fundamental characteristics and convictions which he held. In the first place, he always believed that this is an *orderly* universe. All science makes this assumption, and is based on this; all civilization rests upon order, upon restraint, upon law, upon discipline. And, therefore, you must bring order into human affairs; you must bring order into the human mind. He thoroughly believed in the demand that antiquity made through its philosophers and poets,

when they said, "Bring harmony within your own mind and your ideas; bring your ideas into harmony with one another." He also believed that we must bring, as the Middle Ages have demanded, our ideas into harmony with authority, the authority of the law, the authority of God's Word. And he did believe, as our modern time demands, that we must bring our ideas into harmony with facts.

Next, he believed, and it was his firm conviction, that morality is part and parcel of the constitution of this universe. Frequently he has told our students and our faculty, "I do not think that morality is the mere means to prosperity or to happiness, but it is imbedded in the constitution of this universe, and, therefore, it must be part and parcel of your own constitution, and of every institution, of every city, and of every state."

And finally, he was learning every day. He was developing constantly. When I asked him once, after he came back from one of his long lecturing tours, "Doctor, when do you make your sermons; when do you take time for that?" he said, "I am at it *all* the time."

One of our friends has rightly remarked that some of us must wait for the psychological moment if we want to do something, or accomplish much; but for Dr. Gunsaulus every moment was the psychological moment when he was about what he had intended to do.

So he was learning; he was developing; he was rising day after day, and the Chinese proverb is indeed applicable to him: "It is not the cry, but the rising of the wild duck, that makes the flock follow him." And that was the secret of his power as an educator.

He believed in order and in discipline. He believed in morality as the constitution of this universe, and he himself was constantly rising to meet the highest ideals which mankind had set before itself through its philosophers, its prophets, and its poets.



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Many are the schools, institutions, and associations which he has influenced. The Armour Institute of Technology he loved as a father loves his child. He often called it, "My child."

When he had preached that memorable sermon in Plymouth Church, and the founder of our institution had asked him afterwards, "Will you put into practice what you have been preaching; namely, that education should develop the entire personality," (as the Doctor often expressed it, "head, heart and hand") the Doctor joyfully replied that he would. Thus, the Armour Institute was started and founded in 1892, as a school to teach everything to anybody. It was a magnificent comprehensive scheme, as only citizens of Chicago could have undertaken. Bye and bye, when its doors opened, there was a college of engineering; there was an academy with four years of high school work; there was a domestic science department, with cooking, millinery, and sewing; there was a department of art; there was a department of commerce; a department that taught librarians; a department for kindergarten teachers, and I am sure that if the founder and our good friend could have found a few more departments of human endeavor, they would have incorporated them into their scheme of education.

But bye and bye it was found that you cannot spread over all creation even in education, and that you must begin to specialize. So bye and bye, one after another, these departments were either discontinued, or they went elsewhere. The library department is now a part of the University of Illinois. Our cooking and millinery department is the Chicago School of Domestic Science, and even finally, in 1909, the Armour Scientific Academy was discontinued because the high schools of the city do that work excellently, and there is no need of duplication. Thus there remained as the Armour Institute of Technology a college of engineering, with a minister as president. Strange to say that a

minister should be president of a college teaching mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, civil engineering, chemical engineering, fire protection engineering, and architecture. And yet, of course, the educational training of young men to be citizens and public servants is chiefly an educational rather than an engineering problem. Dr. Gunsaulus' presence and work in the Armour Institute was very valuable, not only to the students, and to the faculty, but also to him. Often he would remark, "It brings me down from the clouds of the imagination to the firm earth of fact and daily life."

Scientific methods, the methods of mathematics, physics, and chemistry, with their insistence on faithfulness to fact, appealed to him. He admired them very much, and it was, indeed, interesting to watch, day by day, this tremendous personality, this glorious imagination, this fine intellect straining to come back to some practical problem of the day.

Of course, he was not an educator, in the sense that he was a pedagogue. Class-room details and schedules and laboratory hours did not interest him very much. He was not a man to work details, but he was a leader,—he was a seer. He found out in this engineering college that there are two worlds, the world of *facts* and the world of *values*,—the one dealing with judgments of what *is*, and the other dealing with judgments of what *ought to be*; the one using observation and experiment with exact methods; the other being an appreciation and gaining spiritual power. Therefore, his former, already pretty well defined ideal of education, viz., that it ought to train hand, heart, and head, resolved itself into the fine philosophy that education has two tasks, the one to develop personality, and the other to prepare for performance. Personality means self development. Performance means service and self-restraint. Personality needs inspiration and power; performance needs instruction and discipline, and these two streams of influence he gathered

up in his comprehensive conception of what an engineering college should do, and next, of what every educational institution should procure.

His direct and daily contact with young men of vigorous lives left room and scope for his humor. One splendid and outstanding quality of Dr. Gunsaulus' character was his humor. How often, when with anxiety I went into his office with some message displeasing and disagreeable,—he would see and read the bad news on my face. Then he would say, "Don't talk, I will tell you a story." And the clouds cleared away. Many a Monday morning, he would ask me, "Were you in church yesterday?" "No, Doctor," hesitatingly, "Well, never mind, sit down, you will get it anyway." And then he talked to me for two hours—three hours,—educating a willing and grateful listener.

He was always educating either himself or others. I remember a trip I made with him once eastward. We sat in a Pullman. It was very warm, and he was restless. He said, "Let us go to the smoking compartment, I know you want to smoke." While we were there in the crowded compartment, the talk of the other travellers went on. Some jokes were told which he did not like. Suddenly he said, "I will read something to you." He pulled out Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and started to read to me,—that is to say, through me and through the smoke, to the others. Gradually the talk subsided; the train rolled on for an hour and longer, and everybody listened to the magnificent, modulated voice, reading "In Memoriam." Afterwards, when he had left, one of the men said to me, "Who was that fellow?" I told him he was Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago. He said, "I never met him, but I wish he had continued to read a little while longer."

And so he was educating always; educating those who needed it most and asked for it, or those who thought they did not need it. Speaking of his humor, I may be pardoned

a few personal reminiscences. For twenty-eight years I worked shoulder to shoulder with him. I had the pleasure of being appointed to a deanship in the Armour Institute. One morning shortly after my appointment, I met him in the hall. I felt proud of my new dignity, and supposed it was written all over me. I said, "Good morning, Doctor." He nodded, "Good morning," and passed on. After sitting in my office a little while, I thought the greeting over and said to myself, "Well, something is the matter to-day; his greeting was not very friendly." I stood the unpleasant feeling for about half an hour. Then I went to his office and said, "Now, Doctor, I greeted you very friendly this morning, but you hardly looked at me." "Oh," he said, "the new dean!" Then, he put his hand on my shoulder and smiled, "My dear fellow," he replied, "do you think I have you in my mind *all* the time?"

I believe the following thought explains the secret of Dr. Gunsaulus as an educator:—He saw clearly that education must not make for an isolated personality, but it must prepare for social efficiency. The question is not so much what each of these young men—each of these children need, but also what the community needs from them, and will once ask them to give it,—*that* also an education must furnish.

Summing up his activities at the Armour Institute of Technology, I may say that from the earliest beginnings to the present he strove to embody and to realize the three essential qualities, not merely of the engineer, but of the good citizen, the three "s's," Simplicity, Sincerity, and Service.

I may ask you to go with me, however, from Chicago to other places. As many of us know he was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University when he was only nineteen. He was always very enlightened, a versatile man. He graduated at nineteen, the same year he began to preach and the follow-

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ing year he married. He has left many a memorial to Ohio Wesleyan University, many gifts, many lectures. It was always dear to his heart. The Ohio Wesleyan University has honored him time and again with important missions and lectures. Another college far away in Kentucky, Berea College, has had his love. There he founded and developed a department of arts and crafts. Beauty he conceived not as some far-away ideal in the clouds, but he wanted beauty applied in every home. He was as much interested in a coverlet or a quilt as he was in a painting or in a rare book. He followed Browning's advice when he said,

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's  
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,  
Provided it could be; but, finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it fair  
Up to our means."

Gunsaulus Hall in our Art Institute in Chicago is another testimony to his activities. The Glenwood School for Boys in Illinois had his sympathy, his enthusiasm, his leadership and advice; so at Chazy, in New York, the Central Rural School, he induced the founder of that school to affiliate with the Educational Board of New York State in order to make it a great center of rural education. So at Miami University of Ohio, and Marietta University of Ohio. Each one gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Very early in 1887, Beloit, Wisconsin, had given him the degree of Honorary Doctor of Divinity. Those degrees were not given him merely as an empty honor. Indeed, he worked hard for them; not in taking courses, or writing theses, but giving inspiration, giving himself, giving his art treasures, giving his advice to those institutions, whether they asked it or not.

For many years he was the most intimate friend of Dr. Harper, the late president of the University of Chicago. In 1896, he was appointed professorial lecturer at the University of Chicago. He was also on intimate terms of friend-

ship with the present incumbent of the presidency of that institution, as well as with the president of the University of Illinois, where he often lectured.

He was a lecturer for many years at the Chicago Theological Seminary. The lectures he gave there appeared later in book form, dedicated to the Class of 1907. The subject is, "The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry." Dr. Gunsaulus was very fond of the poetry of Robert Browning. For, like that poet, he considered art and religion as the special means for teaching ourselves to view our personal causes as linked with universal human interests.

He also held a position as lecturer in the McCormick Theological Seminary. One of his lecture courses given in that institution was on "The Influence of Music in the Church."

Yale University, in 1890, made him divinity lecturer, an office he held to his death, and where he delivered, in 1911, the Lyman Beecher lectures. At Grinnell College in Iowa he originated the arts and crafts department, giving so many gifts to that college that some other rich men could not help following his example, and giving also. A spiritual influence he was to the Young Men's Christian Associations, and a spiritual influence in hundreds of Chautauquas all over our country, and in hundreds of teachers' associations.

As a trustee of our Art Institute and our Field Museum, he helped, in the development of these great institutions educationally, to improve our ideas of science or art or citizenship. And finally, seventeen years ago, he organized the Central Church Kindergarten on Halsted Street, where he gathered together in a Mothers' Club the mothers of these children of different nationalities, so that they would become better mothers, better wives, better sisters, and better citizens. These people and their children honored him as much, and perhaps even more so, as we can honor him to-day, because they loved him.

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At the Sailors' Home and the Board of Foreign Missions, and as a commencement speaker all over the country in normal, grammar, or high schools, or the universities; and as a fifteen-minute speaker for the United States Government when we raised the Liberty Loans,—everywhere this great, good friend of ours was educationally inspiring, active, vivifying.

Years ago, before the automobile was here, he used to have an old horse and buggy—"Old Harry." He used to drive him rather recklessly. When they,—he and Old Harry, arrived downtown and the Doctor wanted to stop at McClurg's bookstore, or at the Art Institute (he would stop anywhere,—but he never had a coachman with him), he would get out of his buggy and say to the first man that came along, "Hold my horse!" And he always found his man. Once I said to him, "Doctor, do you always find a man downtown to hold your horse?" "Why?" He was quite surprised. He said, "I never thought of it." But—similarly—he always thought he found the right man or the right woman or the right church or the right school, and somehow or other he always seemed to be the right man just for that place. His magnetic influence on people was marvelous. His vivifying influence was very great. He was a physician of the soul. His humor lighted up the most dangerous and the darkest places, and his courage was unflinching.

Besides giving his attention to all these institutions,—and I could go on cataloguing them for another hour,—he gave his lectures all over the country. Many of them you have heard—on Savonarola; on Phillips Brooks, the preacher; on Rembrandt, the educator; on Gladstone; on Persian Pottery; on Influences of Music in the Church; on Recent English Poetry; on the Masterpieces of English Poetry. And he wrote book after book. There must be more than twelve volumes. Three volumes of poetry: "Songs of Night and Day," "Phidias and other Poems,"

“Loose Leaves of Song.” He also wrote the great, well-received historical novel, “Monk and Knight,” dealing with the time of the Renaissance, a story where he could deftly weave into his historical erudition a simple love story.

Then he wrote the “Man of Galilee,” the “Life of Gladstone,” a collection of Essays: “Paths to Power.” They are essays spiritualizing and idealizing the realities of life. He wrote “Paths to the City of God.” He wrote the book, “The Minister and the Spiritual Life.” And so we could go on cataloguing and enumerating. What did it all mean? It meant that educationally he taught us that education is not a mere progress from one subject to another, from one school to another school, but the progress from knowledge to understanding, from understanding to insight, and from insight to wisdom. “To simplify men’s moral notions, to clear their visions for the sight of the eternal, and to win hearts for loyalty” was his very mission.

For loyalty, after all, is the fulfillment of the moral law. Justice and charity, industry and wisdom, they can all be expressed in terms of loyalty. And thus, we may say, with the hundreds and thousands who have come under his influence, “Where I once saw points, I now see stars.”







Portrait by Arvid Nyholm, 1920. Owned by Ohio Wesleyan University

## DR. GUNSAULUS, THE ART LOVER

*By* MR. CHARLES L. HUTCHINSON,  
President of the Art Institute.

**D**R. GUNSAULUS, preacher, teacher, orator, patriot, and artist, and, best of all, a devoted follower of his Master and a lover of his fellow-men! He was in a class by himself. In paying tribute to his memory this afternoon, it is difficult for one to confine his remarks to one phase of his many-sided character.

Dr. Gunsaulus was an Art lover. The lover of everything that is good and true and beautiful in life. Emerson spoke the truth when he said we are immersed in beauty. Still there are many, very many among us who are not conscious of its existence. You may travel far and wide in search of the beautiful, and not be able to find it unless you carry it with you. It is the office of Art to educate the perception of beauty.

Dr. Gunsaulus was a lover of the beautiful in nature and in art. He was also a lover of his fellow man. The love of beauty is the means of happiness, so it is not strange that we should find in Dr. Gunsaulus not only a lover of Art, but one who appreciated its far-reaching influence and recognized its power to bring pleasure and inspiration into human life. This, Dr. Gunsaulus was constantly striving to do—striving enthusiastically and successfully. I often thought that he labored not so much to make other people good, as to make himself good and other people happy. Art was a factor in his life and he believed it should be a factor in all lives.

He was not a profound student of Art, nor claimed to be. He placed service above culture, and love above learn-

ing. I doubt that he could define the Dynamic System as applied to Greek Art, or tell why there were only three instead of five Graces. Still he possessed something of far greater value. He was an enthusiastic lover of the creations of Art and the genius that inspired them. The fundamental principles of Art were as firmly fixed in his mind as were the fundamental principles of his religion. He had an intelligent knowledge of the history and traditions of Art which his enthusiasm and love put to practical use, giving pleasure and inspirations to thousands of people with whom he came in contact. He enriched the lives of many men in whom the love of the beautiful was dormant until aroused by him and his enthusiasm. If there were time, and it were proper, I could mention the names of many who would never have been interested in the Fine Arts but for his overflowing love of them.

In the eloquent tribute of our gifted friend, Dr. Hillis says: "He toiled for the people of Chicago, for the Commonwealth of Illinois, and for the Republic, this myriad-minded man—Gunsaulus, this preacher, educator, patriot—this great heart." And to all of this I wish Dr. Hillis had added: He was also an artist. There are many men who possess the artistic instinct, who are not able to express themselves in painting and sculpture. Dr. Gunsaulus was one of them. He was a constant worker, and gave to the cause of Art, not only in Chicago but throughout the West, a service hard to be over-estimated. To appreciate the value of this service and to realize how far reaching it was, one must be acquainted with the development of Art in our country during the lifetime of Dr. Gunsaulus.

He came to Chicago in eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, shortly before the time when our City was making preparation for the greatest and most significant event in the history of Art in our country—the World's Columbian Exposition. In the artistic as well as in the educational

side of this great event, Dr. Gunsaulus was actively interested. Since the time of the World's Columbian Exposition there has been an unparalleled development in the Fine Arts in the United States, especially in the West. This is due largely to the fact that the Trustees of our Museums, and those interested in the advancement of the Fine Arts have realized, as never before, the true function of Art and appreciate its great educational possibilities. This recognition of the educational function of Art has been one of the most significant things in the progress of the Fine Arts in recent years. Dr. Gunsaulus was among the first to recognize this fact and to preach it. He believed with the advanced workers in the field of Art, that the Art Museum should stand side by side with the Library and Laboratory, and that the Art Museum should be introduced into our Colleges and Universities where it will co-operate with the Library and the School as one of the principal agencies for the enlightenment and cultivation of the people; that it should be the cause of inspiration as well as the means of happiness—a vital factor in the everyday life of the community. Art for Art's sake is a selfish and erroneous doctrine, unworthy of any true lover of Art. Art for humanity, and the service of Art for those who live and strive in a hum-drum world is the true doctrine and one that every lover of Art should cherish. Dr. Gunsaulus preached this doctrine every day. He realized that the value of an Art Museum should be measured by the service it renders to the community in which it stands. The true function of an Art Museum is the cultivation of an appreciation of the beautiful. In the advancement of the civilization of the present age, no agency save that of Commerce is more potent than that of Art. Until the mission of Art is more widely understood, there will be need of much preaching to emphasize the democratic nature of Art and its importance as a vital factor in the everyday life of the materialistic age in which we live. The

whole theory of the democracy of Art is well expressed by Thomas Nelson Page, who said, "Art is a luxury for the rich but a necessity for the poor."

In sympathy with all who held these truths, Dr. Gunsaulus was ever ready to help in the development of Art along these most modern lines. Still in his taste he was conservative, often becoming impatient with the extreme expressions of modern artists, for, as I have already said, what he believed to be the fundamental elements of Art were as firmly fixed in his mind as his taste was refined. Beauty in Art, rather than originality in technique or style, appealed to him. He had no use for the ugly, vulgar or violent. The refinement of his taste is well expressed in the lovely collection of Wedgwood at the Art Institute which bears his name.

One may safely say that Chicago is an Art Center and as such it is rather unique among the cities of the land. While it is an Art Center, it has within its borders an active, influential center of Art. Few cities are as fortunate. Thus our center of Art is the Art Institute. I do not mean to say that there is nothing artistic in Chicago outside of the Art Institute—far from it; there is much. But in and about the Art Institute you will find gathered, in one way or another, the great majority of all the people interested in the artistic development of the community, and here Dr. Gunsaulus was very much in evidence. Here he loved to work. He had a great appreciation of the work which the Art Institute is striving to do. No one of its friends ever made greater sacrifice to promote its interests than he. For thirteen years he was one of its most devoted Trustees. To it he gave unsparingly of his time and thought and money. While he was one of its spiritual builders, his very enthusiasm was one of its best business assets. Nothing connected with the Art Institute was too small to command his attention and no scheme connected with its work was too great for his splendid optimism. In every walk of life he was an optimist,

and he was always constructive in his acts and in his criticisms. He had no time for tearing down, there was too much constructive work to be done in the world.

Inspired by him and encouraged by his loving friendship, Mrs. Hodge and Mrs. Bell found pleasure in collecting and presenting to the Art Institute the very fine Blanxius Collection of Porcelains now installed in the Gunsaulus Gallery. Gunsaulus Hall itself is another witness of his devotion to the Institute—a devotion that has brought to the Institute and to the public many substantial gifts. Knowing the pressing need for more room at the Institute for exhibition purposes, Dr. Gunsaulus appealed to a friend in whom he had aroused an interest in Art and asked Mr. W. H. Miner to give the Institute Fifty Thousand Dollars for the building of the much needed galleries. Mr. Miner not only showed his interest in the Art Institute, but expressed his affectionate friendship for Dr. Gunsaulus by giving the needed money and naming the hall the Frank W. Gunsaulus Hall of Applied Art—a magnificent gift and a beautiful and well-merited tribute to Dr. Gunsaulus.

I do not know whether I dare take the time to tell you a story connected with that gift. But one morning Dr. Gunsaulus came to my house early (we lived in the same block for many years) and said, "This is the psychological moment to go and see Mr. Miner." We had suggested to Mr. Miner some time before this the matter of a gift. So he said, "Will you meet us if I can get Miner at the Art Institute at ten-thirty?" I said, "Certainly." We went to the Art Institute, and Mr. Miner did not come. We waited and waited and waited, and finally the message came that Miner had been called unexpectedly to New York and would leave on the noon train and would see us when he got back. I said, "Gunsaulus, if this is the psychological moment, let us go over and see Miner now." He said, "All right; come along." It was a bleak March morning. We

started to get into the automobile. I said, "Doctor, where is your overcoat?" He said, "I left it upstairs." I said, "I won't go with you unless you get your overcoat." He said to the chauffeur, "John, let me take your overcoat." So John gave Dr. Gunsaulus his overcoat, and we started for the Rookery. Pretty soon the Doctor said, "If you see me coming out of the Rookery with Miner and walking with him, you walk over to the Lake Shore Station. I am going to take him to the train. Then pretty soon, if I don't come out of the station, I may ride down to Englewood with him, so you come down to Englewood and pick me up there, and, John, tell Mrs. Hodge, if I should go with Mr. Miner to Chazy, to look after that funeral tomorrow." We went to Miner, and Miner, after hearing our story said, "Yes, I will be very glad to give you fifty thousand dollars on one condition, that is, that I may name the hall." We said, "We have already told you that we will name it the W. H. Miner Hall." He said, "No, not at all; I want to name it the Frank W. Gunsaulus Hall of Applied Art." Dr. Gunsaulus protested, but that was what was put on the hall.

The Willmer bequest of fifty thousand dollars came to the Institute through the efforts of Dr. Gunsaulus. Many other similar instances might be cited. Two conspicuous patrons of Art to whom the Art Institute and the public are greatly indebted, will, I am sure, permit me to say that they gladly acknowledge their gratitude to Dr. Gunsaulus for the inspiration they received from him. I refer to Mr. Logan and Mr. Butler, and the service this afternoon is hardly complete without their testimony.

Not only did he inspire others to collect, but he was himself a born collector. One of his friends recently said that he always thought first of Dr. Gunsaulus as an animated, enthusiastic collector. As a collector he sometimes allowed his enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. He was not a selfish collector—quite to the contrary, he was a



unique and remarkable collector. He found delight in collecting. Nothing brought him more pleasure than the acquisition of some rare object for which he longed, and to acquire which he must make sacrifice. Many a time he has brought to me in almost childish glee some newly acquired treasure. He loved to collect, but he loved more to share his collections with his fellow men. As soon as they were of sufficient importance to merit a place in a public museum he presented them to some museum, school or university. Here he worked over them and with them, as he would were the objects in his own household, but here he found a great deal of pleasure in thinking that all who would, might enjoy his treasures with him. How he loved to share the abundance of his life with others! Surely he was a unique man among the lovers of Art. There were times when his love of Art seemed to take possession of him and to take precedence of all else. He once confessed on a Monday morning that it had mastered him even while preaching in the pulpit to a large congregation. There in a pew, well toward the front, was a well-known Art Collector, whose very presence disturbed him, for the Doctor found himself saying to himself—"Hurry up, Gunsaulus, and get through with the sermon, so you can go over and see Mr. Gray's pictures." True man, how delightfully human he was, after all.

He has enriched the Art Institute, not only by the collections which he has induced others to give, but by those which he has himself contributed. In Gunsaulus Hall you will find the Frank W. Gunsaulus Collection of Wedgwood and the Collection of Pottery of the Near East, placed there by Dr. Gunsaulus in memory of his mother, Mary Jane Gunsaulus. And there are more gifts.

To appreciate these gifts, you must know by what sacrifice they were acquired. He bought, piece by piece, from time to time, with the savings of a never sufficient salary, and by the proceeds of lectures delivered all over

the country, mostly during his so-called vacation period. He seldom took a real vacation. Think of his delivering, one summer, sixty-three lectures in seventy days, so that from the proceeds he might add to his collection and the sooner have the pleasure of presenting it to the public. Such generosity and such sacrifice puts us all to shame.

For thirteen years, the Trustees of the Art Institute have enjoyed the inspiring friendship of Dr. Gunsaulus. It is perhaps fitting to read here in public the Resolutions adopted by them, to record the loss sustained in the death of this earnest and beloved co-worker:

“In the death of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, for thirteen years a devoted Trustee of the Art Institute, we have sustained a profound loss. The City is deprived of one of its first citizens, and we of a warm and loyal friend. It has been truly said of him that he has contributed to the Art development of Chicago, gifts which none but he could bestow. His was a power of stimulating enthusiasm and of enlisting faith in the significance of Art. Through him many lives have been enriched and have been enkindled with a new conception of the beautiful. Often in a passing moment this great lover of the Fine Arts would unveil truths that years of study rarely revealed. More fortunate than many another scholar, he preserved his intimacy with the masses and pointed out to them the solace of Art. His interest in the Art Institute is evidenced by the beauty and value of the collections with which he enriched the museum. Even more precious than the treasures he left in our galleries, are the memories of his inspiring vision and the force of his personality which breathed the nobler aims of his soul not for himself, but for humanity.”

He carried his love of Art into the School. Of his influence at the Art Institute you have already heard. In passing I will mention another example of his desire to share his treasures with his friends. Once, at Christmas

time, I sought to express my appreciation of his many acts of kindness by giving him an etching of Rossetti, whose work he greatly admired. He was delighted with the gift, for he had long desired a copy of the print. Not many weeks afterward, in visiting the Armour Institute, I found the etching hanging upon the wall of one of the class rooms. It was too good for him to keep all to himself in his study.

While the knowledge of Art is to be desired, it is the love of Art that brings real happiness and inspiration to man. This love of Art, Dr. Gunsaulus had in large measure. He believed that the cultivation of the sense of the beautiful is essential for the rich as well as for the poor, that the love of beauty is restricted to no class—it is free for all—it is of the spirit, and on spiritual and not on material things rests the stability of the world. The things of the spirit are the great things, the essential things in every democracy. These can be shared by rich and poor alike, by educated and uneducated, they bring all together and make us kin. Full to overflowing with spiritual love, he gave in large measure to all those with whom he came in contact. Truth and beauty are not obsolete, they spring eternal from the breast of man. We have reason to rejoice today, although our hearts at times are sad, to thank God that it has been our privilege to walk in loving friendship with this great High Priest of Truth and Beauty and Goodness—this great lover and devotee of Art, the living exponent of the truth uttered by the Philosopher when he said: “Truth, Beauty and Goodness are but different faces of the same All.” With the faith of Dr. Gunsaulus, we may all sing with Elizabeth Barrett Browning—

“There is a mystic borderland that lies  
Just past the limit of our work-day world,  
And it is peopled with the friends we met  
And loved a year, a month, a week, a day,  
And parted from with aching hearts, yet knew  
That through the distance we must lose the hold  
Of hand with hand and only clasp the thread of Memory.”

“But still so close we feel this land  
So sure we are that these same hearts are true  
That when in waking-dreams there comes a call  
That sets the thread of Memory aglow,  
We know that just by stretching out the hand,  
In written word of love or book or flower,  
The waiting hand will clasp our own once more  
Across the silence in the same old way.”

And, as I stood before the grave of Dr. Gunsaulus, I  
wanted to inscribe that good old epitaph upon his tomb:

“Welcome, friend, draw near,  
With peaceful step and with untroubled breath,  
No gloom, no woe is here,  
But thanks for life and equal thanks for death.”





Let America say firmly to Germany: "We can not trust your word  
 Give me your sword!"  
*Frank J. Mussa*  
 Oct 19-18

Taken in Athletic Field of Armour Institute on the occasion of the departure of  
 the first company of Armour Engineers for France, 1918

## DR. GUNSAULUS, THE CITIZEN

EDGAR A. BANCROFT, Illinois Bar Association

TO us here today, who so generally knew Dr. Gunsaulus as a friend, it seems as though we were but dividing his raiment to speak of him in these different phases of his great character. As a citizen, he was in a unique position. For most of us, our life is a selfish endeavor and our vocation absorbs our time, our interest, our effort, and its object is selfish. Very often one thinks that by reason of great professional or business success there has been a service rendered to the public for which it should give honorable recognition, and this is often true of those rendering important public service, even though its motive is essentially selfish.

### DOCTOR GUNSAULUS' IDEAL—VOCATIONS AND AVOCATIONS

Doctor Gunsaulus had a very different ideal of citizenship; and, as with all his ideals, he lived it. From the pulpit and the platform for a full generation he ministered to the moral and intellectual life of this city—and also of many other cities. At Armour Institute of Technology he humanized scientific education and gave its students something more—and higher—than technical training. These were his vocations. His avocations—he once described an avocation as “the precious fragrance and beauty of a vocation’s blossoms”—his avocations were in music, poetry and pictures, in rare pottery and prints, beautiful drawings and priceless manuscripts. These tastes he developed and

gratified at the expense of heavy labor and discomfort, as he lectured at Chautauquas and in cities large and small throughout our land. And his art collections, like his talents, he placed at the service of the public.

Yet all this did not satisfy him. Far from thinking that because of these gifts, the public was his debtor, he felt that the citizen in our Republic always owes it loyal service. That fine civic spirit was evident in all his manifold activities. And with it was coupled, and mingled, a love of his fellow men.

### HIS CIVIC SERVICE

My first association with him began upon the Political Action Committee of the Union League Club. I can never forget the impression he then made. With the mind and heart of a poet and a philanthropist, and the temperament of an artist, he had an amazing common sense and an indestructible sense of humor. These qualities exclude hobbies, and keep one from being a carping critic or mere objector in politics.

While his regular duties usually precluded him from participation in political controversy, he was ready whenever the call came, to express his clear, courageous, and persuasive opinion.

For more than thirty years, his name, his voice, his help were freely given to all important movements for the good of our City and our Country. When local or national politics involved a great moral issue, he promptly entered the lists. His political discussions were keyed to fundamental principles of honor, tolerance, equality, and humanity. "Goodness," he once said, "is greater than greatness."

He appealed for the freedom of Cuba in 1895, for fair treatment of Porto Rico and the Philippines in 1900; and he



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rebuked an attempted religious issue in the Taft Campaign of 1908:

“Look at Holland,” he said, “Its history so bloody that no man can read it without tears, because more was thought of creed than of deeds. Let us deliver our flag from all bigotry whatever.”

## IN WORLD WAR

When the World War began, he clearly saw the issue and foretold the triumph of moral forces over militarism. In a sermon in September 1914, he said:

“At such a time as this, the scorner laughs and mocks and asks: Where now is goodness, where now is your pleasing hope of final triumph over evil?” \* \* \* Don’t say that Christianity is a failure, for the Nations have not tried it. Let me tell you what has failed—militarism. \* \* \* With Christianity came a new set of forces; forces which are gentle but great, which work not by compulsion but by persuasion; the forces of liberty, of good-will, of democracy and brotherhood. Against these forces the world cannot continue at war. They must and will triumph.”

From the moment we entered the war until victory came, his voice and his pen were devoted to mobilizing and strengthening the moral and spiritual forces of the Nation in support of its arms.

How well we remember the pacifist meeting called in this very place just before the United States entered the World War! He was asked to give a notice of the meeting at the morning service of Central Church. This was his answer:

“I have been asked to announce a peace meeting to be held in this hall this afternoon. Instead of announcing it, I have decided to denounce it. If you approve of the murder of Edith Cavell, then attend the meeting. If you disapprove the sinking of the Lusitania, stay away. If you wish the Hohenzollerns to dictate terms at Washington, then go to the meeting. As for me, I promise to have this house fumigated before we hold religious services here next Sunday.”

When in the last days of the war, Germany was asking, and President Wilson was considering, terms of peace,—Gunsaulus proclaimed from the platform, and in stirring verse, this answer of patriotic America:

“Master of wanton states with madness bold,  
I cannot trust your word  
Give me your sword!”

#### SERVICES TO CHICAGO

Since 1887 Chicago has been his home, and its upbuilding has been his dream, his desire and his constant endeavor. His devotion to his varied occupations and his joy in them were heightened by the belief that he was opening windows of light and doors of opportunity for many people. Everything he thought, everything he did, had this generous purpose of helpfulness.

He desired the art and music and education and moral guidance of this City to reach all its people,—as does the water from Lake Michigan,—and be as open to them as the parks and playgrounds. He longed to see Chicago the City Beautiful—not alone in its boulevards and buildings but *in itself*,—its influence, its schools of learning, art and industrial training, in its libraries and museums. And not for the sake of beauty chiefly, but to incite and direct the people—especially the youth—toward higher accomplishments and better lives.

Doctor Gunsaulus' gifts to Chicago were of himself, constant and without stint. There is no part of the higher life of this City to which he did not contribute in generous measure. Is he not, indeed, Chicago's largest benefactor?

He would have desired no memorial that did not strive strongly and unceasingly,—as he strove,—to advance America by uplifting Americans—by making better citizens the object of all public and private endeavor.

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It filled his imagination and rejoiced his heart in these later months that the son of the founder of Armour Institute showed a double portion of his father's spirit, and intrusted to him the larger plans for its rebuilding.

### COINAGE OF CHARACTER

Even children know the difference between the copper, the silver and the gold in our currency. It was his constant purpose to make plain those differences in the coinage of character. Why should man or woman, boy or girl, be the baser rather than the higher metal? Or why should they accept the baser metal in others?

Full of joy himself, his everyday religion and philosophy were joyous; and they were simple, undogmatic, Christian. He appealed for pleasures that make one better and not worse. His goal was always "a finer and a more ample humanity." Youth, therefore, appealed especially to him and he to the youthful. For in mind and heart—imagination, fancy, sentiment and friendship, he was ever young; but with the wisdom of age.

He was always like an alert child in a garden where no flower or shrub or bird or bee escapes his sight or his interest. Keenly alive to beauty of color and sound, of form and of life, his desire was to convert, as vital nature does, the lower into the higher forms. Unless life mounts, it dies.

### NO SOCIAL DOCTRINAIRE

He was a beloved sealer of weights and measures in the intellectual, the artistic, the moral and spiritual world; a shining champion of the social virtues. Yet he was not cumbered with theories and plans of social reform or rebirth; the golden rule and the spirit of brotherhood sufficed for him. His keen and broad sympathies never betrayed

him into teaching or feeling that the duties of generosity and kindness belong exclusively to the rich or the powerful. He treated these as *personal* duties and virtues,—as really opportunities,—that belong to every person; and differ only in degree according to one's means.

### ACTS OF KINDNESS

He was ever seeking to increase these opportunities for himself. His summer vacations were often employed in lecturing and preaching so that he might have money to give to the poor and unfortunate. The receipts of one summer's hard work, amounting to many thousands of dollars, he sent to the starving Armenians. Few lives have been as ample as his in—

“That best portion of a good man's life—  
His little nameless unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.”

### HIS LOYALTIES

With him, loyalty to oneself meant unselfishness; loyalty to a cause meant devotion to its soul, its purpose, not to its outward show or success; loyalty to his friends meant that he would never sacrifice them for his own comfort or advantage, nor even for other friends or for a cause. And his friendships were wide and full-hearted.

Through all the notable honors that came to him, Doctor Gunsaulus remained very human, natural and approachable. He never forgot the little town of Chesterville, Ohio, where he was born and spent his boyhood, or the friends of that early time. A few years ago he returned, and nearly a score of survivors from those Civil War days greeted him, and the whole town welcomed him with every

mark of admiration and affection. His response recalled many humorous occurrences relating to the old men present and was full of home-coming sentiment.

At Delaware, Ohio, was a small Methodist College from which he was graduated at nineteen, to become an itinerant preacher. It never lost its place in his heart, though for forty years he had been a Congregationalist, for nearly thirty he had been President of a great technical school, and had long been closely identified with the University of Chicago and the Art Institute. When giving his Art treasures to the Institute, he remembered Ohio Wesleyan University, and gave to it part of his Wedgwood and Persian Collections, and a number of fine paintings.

Likewise the bonds of memory and attachment with his early pastorates were never broken. Wherever he went, to small churches, on Chautauqua circuits, or to College celebrations, he made new friends and met old ones. As he touched their lives to finer issues, so they encouraged him, and he often found refreshment in the humor of some odd character or curious incident.

### “HIS ORIENT BLOOD”

The Chautauqua chairman, who said that he had “the distinguished honor of introducing Mr. Savonarola, who would deliver his lecture on Gunsaulus,” was not wholly wrong, for Doctor Gunsaulus had the Italian’s imagination and wondrous speech, and his own personality glowed and shone in every subject he discussed, in every character he portrayed.

Genuine, sincere and direct, his enthusiasm and optimism were constant and infectious. He was intensely human and full of sentiment and romance. Persons of a different temperament sometimes depreciated or misunderstood the ardor, the color and the imagery of his spoken and

written words. But these were the spontaneous expression of his nature and his genius.

“For in his veins some Orient blood was red,  
And through his thought were lotus blossoms blown.”

For those who had eyes to see and ears to hear, what delights he gave—and with what an awakening! His remarks in introducing Booker T. Washington at a luncheon, and his conversational account of Joseph Israels, and his art, at a dinner, are most vivid in my memory for their matchless beauty. Every meeting with him was apt to be made memorable by some fine saying or doing.

#### AS PURITAN

Yet the Puritan strain in his lineage was as pronounced as the Spanish, and made him practical, modest, firm and conscientious. His great influence from pulpit and platform and in lecture rooms, he regarded as a sacred trust. Therefore, he resisted the temptation to use those striking half-truths, those paradoxes and sensational comments that gain notoriety. It was contrary to the object and spirit of all his work.

#### A MAN AND BROTHER

When you consider Dr. Gunsaulus in relation to Art—as a lover of music and a collector and appreciator of paintings, pottery, rare prints and missals, he seems all artist. When you read his written words in poetry, biography, fiction, criticism and religion, he seems the man of letters. When you see him the head of Armour Institute, not only directing its technical studies and training, but creating and managing the whole organization and planning its enlargement, he is a master of practicalities, dynamic as one of its electrical engines; when you heard him speak from this

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platform in Central Church, inspired and inspiring, with all his artistic tastes and faculties, all his learning and literary skill, all his practical wisdom and common sense, all his wide experiences of life, fused and flaming in his voice, as he sought to lift his hearers to moral heights, to set their feet in right paths and to make the currents of their lives cleaner and sweeter and more helpful, you knew that he was the *preacher!*—using every possession,—“all thoughts, all passions, all delights,—to feed that sacred flame.” But if you knew him, even a little, in his completeness, you came to realize that behind and above the art-lover and the poet, the popular lecturer, the educational leader and the great preacher, was a *man* and a *brother*. And you would never think of him again as any one of his many parts.

### HIS IDEALS

It was his ideal of a citizen, that in all his relationships he should always be a man and a brother. Therefore, as a citizen, he was a brother to all who heard him, to all who went to him for counsel or comfort—an inspiring brother to all the City’s agencies of moral and artistic beauty and enlightenment. This great brother, alike of the rich and the poor, and of those who were neither rich nor poor, not only made the world better, but he made it happier and more beautiful; and he found his reward and his joy in this beauty and in the happiness of others.

No man had a finer sense of justice and tolerance. He knew no lines of color, or race, or sect, or religion, where he could serve. Once a rich father complained to him that his son was in the same class with a colored boy at Armour Institute. “He was, but he isn’t,” was the answer; “the colored boy made 98 in his examinations, the white boy less than 60.” This Great Heart, as he has been called, after Bunyan’s faithful guide in the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, toiled

joyously and with unflagging zeal for the people of this City and State and Nation. His sympathy, his hope and his faith, under all conditions, in every relation, were as boundless as the air.

His daily life among people who heard him or met him or realized his endeavor, was constantly saying to them—not in words, but more distinctly: “Why spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?”

### A MARVELLOUS LIFE

A marvellous life of aspiration and achievement!—in itself and in the multitudes that he influenced; in its scope and variety of activity; also in its intense and ceaseless energy, and the beauty of its unselfish service. No citizen has ever had a broader or clearer vision of the higher possibilities of Chicago in human development, or has done more to shape the forces to realize this vision. Truly it has been said: “He was the first citizen of his city—the incarnation of its genius and the prophecy of its future.”



## RESOLUTIONS

*Presented by* BERNARD E. SUNNY

**I**N the sixty-sixth year of a life devoted to the glory of God and the service of man, the great soul of Frank Wakely Gunsaulus has gone to its everlasting reward.

While we are of thousands who have gathered here today, we are but a few of the many who loved him, and whom he loved, and we seek—even inadequately as it must be—to place on record our estimate of his character and work, and our sense of gratitude for his life among us for so many years.

Dr. Gunsaulus was deeply appreciated and revered always, but we realize now, to an even greater degree, his eminence and invaluable activities. Citizenship has lost a militant patriot; art an earnest apostle; education a triumphant leader; religion an ardent prophet; and humanity, the world over, a sympathizing and helpful friend.

Dr. Gunsaulus was a heroic mold mentally and physically, and, in his capacity as a citizen, was a tireless crusader who won and held the multitude to the standards of law, order and civic righteousness. His was a sense of responsibility, catholic and keenly vigilant.

He could not have a mere casual interest in any situation or measure which threatened the common safety or happiness. With a foresight and alertness that were characteristic, he was immediately aglow and into the arena at the first sign of danger, where he asked for no quarter and gave none.

An armored knight when need be, in other hours Dr. Gunsaulus was a student, a poet, a musician.

His was an unquenchable eagerness for knowledge, and his quick intelligence, aided by an aptitude for sifting the significant from the trivial, carried him in his range of interest far beyond our conception of the possibilities of the human mind.

Those facts were most dear to him that could be made to add to men's store of knowledge and happiness. In his writings, Dr. Gunsaulus has given us vividly the harvest of a scholar. In his poems he has shared with us a fruition of spirit that is gleaned from the fields of many centuries.

His love for music was a passion underlying all the colorful parts he played with unvarying ardor in his life among us. In its ministry he profoundly believed; he relied upon it to illustrate and interpret beyond the power of words, and labored urgently that others might share its gifts and its message.

The sense of beauty which was so marked in his religious ministrations, his deep understanding and appreciation of all art, flowed through him into the life of our city. As Trustee of the Art Institute and of the Field Museum of Natural History, donor of important collections to each institution; as patron, collector and inspirer of artistic and antiquarian interest wherever he went, his name will be kept in honor in the hearts of all lovers of ancient and beautiful things. He contributed to the art development of Chicago, gifts, which none but he could bestow; and he possessed the power of stimulating enthusiasm and of enlisting faith in the significance of art. More fortunate than many another scholar, he preserved his intimacy with the masses and pointed out to them the solace of art. He visioned its province with an enthusiasm which inspired his associates by its creative vigor; he advanced a knowledge of the manifestation of art for life's sake, tireless as a teacher and a lecturer, disseminating his learning in schools, colleges and art museums throughout the country; and for all of

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these, and because of his life service, he will always be reverently regarded as one of the vital forces of art in his time.

Chicago will remember Dr. Gunsaulus as the educator, to whose vision and creative leadership it owes its foremost technical school—Armour Institute of Technology. A famous sermon of his led to its foundation and subsequent enlargement; he has been its only President; and to this “Child of his Faith and Hope” the larger part of his time and strength have been given for more than a quarter of a century. It embodied not only his passionate interest in young people and their training, but his comprehensive philosophy of education, and his large sense of human welfare and progress. Its great past and its still greater future will be commemorative of him whose prophetic eye foresaw, and kindling heart first inspired, that which his marked powers of administration and indomitable energy have done so much to turn into reality.

Underlying every interest, every activity of Dr. Gunsaulus, was a profound spirit of reverence which glorified his attitude toward all great things. To most people he was, first and fundamentally, a preacher,—a faithful ambassador of Christ, in whom a native gift of eloquent utterance, a vivid imagination, an extraordinary power of dramatic characterization, a creative æsthetic sense, intense moral convictions, and a rich religious experience, combined to make one of the great voices of the American pulpit. The warm Spanish and the deep Puritan strains in his unusual inheritance mingled in him to produce a spiritual prophet who, through twelve years in Plymouth Church and twenty years in Central Church, led hundreds of thousands to “worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.” His trumpet call, simple and impassioned, reached alike all men—an equal inspiration to educated and uneducated, to young and old, rich and poor—a fountain of courage and strength.

The nation knew Dr. Gunsaulus almost as well as did Chicago. Perhaps none other of our city and of our day was so revered by his countrymen. Often and more often, as his fame spread from sea to sea, came the call to pulpit or lecture hall, of villages and cities all over the land and, never sparing his strength, never thinking of his convenience or comfort, he hastened to respond and give of his wealth of eloquence, knowledge and understanding. Those who had the privilege of finding themselves under his magnetic spell will not forget, as long as memory lasts, the greatest preacher of his day.

But back of his diverse interests and achievements lies the most remarkable thing about Dr. Gunsaulus—his unique and irresistible personality. Magnetic and dominating as he was, he never used his great power over other men meanly or selfishly. He was quick to know and generously applaud the smallest contribution of others to the common weal.

He had a heart of gold—unalloyed in its integrity, quick to melt in sympathy, rich in the rewards of its friendship. This made him deeply beloved and constantly sought out by all sorts and conditions of men; for he was intuitive to understand, tender to comfort, wise to counsel and mighty to inspire.

He had an unfailing memory for our graces and a merciful forgetfulness for our shortcomings.

The love for his fellow men, that poured forth unstinted and inexhaustible from his own great heart, came back to him again in the universal regard and general affection which this memorial gathering seeks to express.

To his family, we extend our deepest sympathy and the acknowledgment of the debt of humanity to this husband and father—a debt which can never be repaid.

THEREFORE, Be it Resolved by all here assembled, that this obligation be preserved in deathless memory and that

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the name of Frank Wakely Gunsaulus be inscribed forever upon the honor roll of our city and country as one of our noblest and best beloved citizens; as an art lover, educator, orator, writer, minister—unsurpassed in understanding, undisputed in leadership, and unforgotten in his abiding and inspiring influence.

As we glimpse the sunlight through the rift in the clouds, so, through Dr. Gunsaulus, we sense the glory of the Infinite. Through him and “through the lenses of our tears, we get a closer view of heaven.”

## MEMORIAL ADDRESS

*By* CLARENCE T. BROWN,

*At The Ohio Wesleyan University, Sunday,  
June 12th, 1921.*

ANY single address upon the many-sided life of Dr. Gunsaulus must necessarily leave out many things which his friends would have liked to hear. If I do not today dwell upon what was to you the most precious quality of his personality, namely, his boundless affection and generosity, I am sure you will understand that it is not from lack of love on my part, but rather from such a fulness of love that I dare not dwell upon it lest my address be carried away by the swelling tide of my own emotions. We were boys together; in 1887 I married his only sister, and through all the years we have been not only brothers-in-law, but brothers in heart.

A man's Alma Mater, like all good mothers, follows her sons through the years with loving interest, rejoices in all their achievements, and loves to have them recounted to her, especially when those achievements have been such as to win for them a fair renown among their fellows. Let me, therefore, bring you today, first of all, a few of the many tributes from his own City of Chicago to this loving and beloved son of the Ohio Wesleyan University. At a great memorial service held in the Auditorium in Chicago on the 24th of April, when men and women from all walks of life gathered in reverence and affection to honor this beloved leader, resolutions were adopted, from which I will read two or three paragraphs.

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“The sense of beauty which was so marked in his religious ministrations, his deep understanding and appreciation of all art, flowed through him into the life of our city.

\* \* \* More fortunate than many another scholar, he preserved his intimacy with the masses, and pointed out to them the solace of art. \* \* \*

“To most people he was, first and fundamentally, a preacher,—a spiritual prophet who, through twelve years in Plymouth Church and twenty years in Central Church, led hundreds of thousands to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. His trumpet call, simple and impassioned, reached alike all men,—an equal inspiration to educated and uneducated, to young and old, rich and poor,—a fountain of courage and strength.

“ \* \* \* Those who had the privilege of finding themselves under his magnetic spell will not forget, as long as memory lasts, the greatest preacher of his day.

“The love for his fellow men, that poured forth unstinted and inexhaustible from his own heart, came back to him again in the universal regard and general affection which this memorial gathering seeks to express. \* \* \*

“THEREFORE, Be it Resolved by all here assembled, that this obligation be preserved in deathless memory, and that the name of Frank Wakely Gunsaulus be inscribed forever upon the honor roll of our city and country as one of our noblest and best beloved citizens; educator, orator, writer, lover of music and art, minister—unsurpassed in understanding, undisputed in leadership, and unforgotten in his abiding and inspiring influence.”

Among the many resolutions that have been adopted it is significant that they should have come, not only from

church organizations and institutions of learning, from societies interested in art, music and civic righteousness, in which he played so large a part, but that so many of them have come from organizations that are purely commercial, whose prime interest is in what we call the practical affairs of life. Let me read you just one paragraph from the resolutions sent to his family by the Chicago Association of Commerce:

“As a nobleman of God his life found daily expression in love for his fellows. He unsparingly gave of his best in responding to the challenge of his city. A man of heroic mould, physically and mentally, he won and influenced for good a multitude in the state and nation. \* \* \* He lived to serve. ‘As one lamp lights another, nor glows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness.’”

It must be of peculiar interest to this institution, whose primary purpose is to train men and women for moral leadership, that so many of these testimonies have come from the business world, expressing appreciation of the fact that his moral idealism and his spiritual leadership had given a truer direction and a finer issue even to the material concerns of a great city. Practical men saw in him an impressive demonstration of the incalculable service which the man of letters and ideals, the apostle of culture, and the prophet of religion renders to the common good. Every now and then some man who believes, in spite of eminent testimony to the contrary, that a man's life does consist in the abundance of the things that he possesses, rises up to move that the colleges be closed and the churches abolished on the ground that they are contributing nothing to the common welfare and wealth of the world. Humanly speaking, we never should have had such a man of light and leading as Dr. Gunsaulus but for the village church in which he gave his heart to God, where from the torch of religion held in humble hands that torch was lighted which, for a whole generation, was held aloft in splendor over a great city, and



shed its beneficent light far out across the land from sea to sea. Furthermore, he might never have had such a career but for this Christian College, which opened to him the gates of the higher learning, and inducted him into the great courts of human culture, where he was made aware of the tremendous obligations of our racial heritage.

Dr. Gunsaulus achieved such distinction as author, educator and preacher as has been attained by few in his generation. It is not my purpose, however, to employ this memorial hour in any attempt to describe his exceptional gifts, but if I may, to point out the noble use which he made of them. The value of the life of the extraordinary man to the ordinary man does not lie in his difference from him but in his likeness to him; the difference is only a matter of degree; the likeness is in the essential quality. The light of a great beacon shining far out upon the deep is the same light as that which shines from a lamp in the window. Let me, therefore, speak today concerning those fundamental elements in the character of Dr. Gunsaulus,—those convictions and ideals, those attitudes and purposes,—that make for good character in everybody, and for the glory of God everywhere. This, I am sure, would be his desire. Thinking, then, of the things that were determinative and formative in the character and service of Dr. Gunsaulus, let me say at once that among all the varied interests of his many-sided life and its wide-reaching activities, his major interest was religion. That gave significance to all his other interests and essential unity to his diversified activities. He never used the pulpit as a lecture platform; but, on the other hand, he very often turned the lecture platform into a pulpit. His supreme interest was in religion, and it was more than an intellectual or historical or homiletical interest. He had noble ideas of God, one of the most broadly and adequately Christian conceptions of God that I have ever known any man to possess, but his religion was a good

deal more than a conception of God, noble as that was, it was a communion with God, a reverent but confident co-operation with God. He had no foolish notion of the infallibility of his own opinions or judgments, but he had no manner of doubt that he spoke to men as a messenger of an infallible God, summoning them to commit their ways to His will and to yield their hearts to His love. A man could not spend an hour under the commanding spell of his preaching without a profound conviction that for him and for all men everywhere the one necessity was God. Before that supreme need, all the other needs of life fell into their own place, and all the glory of the world and the pomp of circumstances paled into insignificance.

The fundamental factor in the character and influence of this remarkable man was his humility. "Humility?" Some of you are saying. That is a strange word to use as the most prominent characteristic of Dr. Gunsaulus. You are thinking of him perhaps as you saw him one day when he was holding a vast audience in the hollow of his hand, swaying them as he would; or perhaps of another hour when he was bidding defiance to some arrogant sin or denouncing some public sinner, when his words were as terrible as an army with banners. There were times when his humility was like that of the Puritan forebears of his mother, of whom it was said, "They bowed their faces in the dust before Jehovah and set their feet on the neck of kings." Or you may be thinking of the place of distinguished leadership which he took as if of right it belonged to him, and you say, "How do you make it out that the fundamental characteristic of this man was his humility?" Furthermore, it never occurred to him to disclaim the possession of remarkable gifts and powers, but in spite of all that, I am prepared to say to you, after an acquaintance of fifty years, that the most elemental thing, the most determinative thing, in the character of Frank W. Gunsaulus was his humility. His was

the kind of humility which Ruskin has so finely described: "I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions. \* \* \* All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them, only they do not think much of themselves on that account. \* \* \* They have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, a feeling that the power is not *in* them, but *through* them, that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful."

That was the kind of humility that Dr. Gunsaulus had. It was the humility of a man who not only believed in the sovereignty of God, but of a man who felt it. You could not know him well without being sure of that. You could not hear him pray without being sure of that. When he engaged in public prayer you felt the majesty, the ineffable splendor, the infinite mercy of the Eternal God.

No prophet or Puritan of old believed more profoundly in the sovereignty of God than he. Preachments like those of Mr. Wells concerning a finite God, heroically struggling on toward perfection, seemed to him sheer nonsense. He believed not only in the companionable God, but in the cosmic, transcendent God, infinite in power and in wisdom. He believed in God over all, transcending all other powers in heaven and in earth, before Whose judgment seat all human authorities must give an account—all kings and councils, all rulers and governments, all autocracies and all democracies,—including our own! That is just the point where so many so-called Christians turn out to be pagans. He gave no quarter to that superstitious patriotism, that counterfeit Americanism which dotes on "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*"

The voice of the people might be the voice of God, or it might not be. No man was more patriotically American than he; none more enamored of the ideal of a government of, by, and for the people, then he. No man since Abraham Lincoln loved the common people more than he. But he never encouraged them in the illusion that what they thought was necessarily what God thought, or that what they wanted was what God was bound to give them. An American policy might be right or it might be wrong, but the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. That rang through all his speeches, and was the keynote in his last public address two nights before his death. That was one reason why the people gave so much heed to what he said. Say what you will, humanity will not believe anyone very much but God, and they will not follow any leader for long if they suspect that he does not believe in the absolute authority and in the sovereign purpose of God in His world. He believed profoundly that the only basis for civil liberty is religious liberty, and that the only guaranty of the permanence of our great free institutions rests in the character of the people who have the fear of God before their eyes and the love of God in their hearts.

As a humble servant of the most high God, he had a vigilant and compelling sense of responsibility; he could not have a mere casual interest in any measure which threatened the common good. He was no prophet of smooth things, crying, "Peace, Peace, when there was no peace." Deeply as he deplored those perversions of religion which appear in obscurantism, slavish literalism, sectarianism, and fanaticism in all its forms, his dislike of these was mild in comparison to his disgust for that negation of religion which appears in a self-indulgent and indolent sentimentalism. Fanaticism he deplored, diletteranism he despised.

Out of this same unfaltering faith in the omnipotent and omniscient God came his serious and unflagging op-

timism,—the last remove from the superficial sort that comes from closing the mind to all the painful and tragical aspects of the world,—but by opening his mind to the vision of the God great enough and good enough to bring to pass His purpose to establish in the earth His kingdom of righteousness and peace, wherein every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Never in his darkest hour did he doubt the triumph of God; he verily “endured as seeing Him Who is invisible.” “Let man submit,” he said, “to omnipotence, and undertake the inevitable; the irresistible current of the Divine Life will invite and bear up whatever argosies may and ought to move upon its flood. He is in the hands of God moving in history.”

It was out of this same profound spirit of reverence,—out of the deeps of a great humility that his eloquent voice rose to such commanding heights of spiritual power. As I think again with you of the music and the moving power of his preaching, I think of those words of Isaiah, in which he gave an account of the origin of his message as a preacher:

“The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary; he wakeneth morning by morning; he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned. The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, nor turned away back.”

In some such experience as this is found, I think, the hiding of his power as a preacher. He had great native gifts, it is true; an intellect of imperial dimensions and resources; a marvelously retentive and discriminating memory; a vivid creative imagination; a remarkable gift for dramatic characterization; the poet’s soul, sensitive to all things beautiful and sublime; an emotional power that at times swept and lifted vast audiences like the waves of the sea; the orator’s instinct and indefinable magnetism; and withal a magnificent organ-like voice, whose tones rang out to the

remotest ear of a vast audience as clear and distinct as the tones of a trumpet. But all these are secondary elements in his eloquence; the primary one is his own profound spiritual experience, such as is described in Isaiah's words,—“The Lord God hath opened mine ear to hear and given me the tongue to speak.” The soul of his eloquence came through the ear of his soul, awakened to hear the voice of God. Having heard, he must speak. Lord Charnworth, in a recent article, says of religion: “Amid all the changes of time and circumstances, one thing remains unchanged and unchangeable, the approach of God to the spirit of man, and the response of man to the Spirit of God.” In the response of this man's soul to the approach of God's spirit, through his utter faith in and his glad surrender to the spirit of God, you hear the music and feel the power of his inspired and inspiring message. In one of his Yale lectures, where he is speaking concerning the power that sometimes springs forth from the unconscious depths of personality, he describes a peculiarly impressive moment in an eloquent address by Bishop Simpson. “I saw,” he said, “the whole audience at a certain moment electrified at the appearance of something which he seemed not at all at the beginning, or even in the midst of his discourse, to be preaching or even thinking about. He had superior powers of wooing from the crypts of his memory personal figures, who walked forth as if on some fresh resurrection morning they had escaped death. But this was not memory. I can feel and hear the sentence, though I cannot quote it. It was a reason for a reason urged in behalf of the supremacy of our moral intuitions. It was, indeed, a stormy moment in the history of the man, for he was grappling with tremendous currents of thought and feeling. The lift and altitude of his conscious activities; the quick splendid realization of the currents which flowed within sight of everyone so grandly were as nothing in comparison with the message from underneath. It seemed a

voice from out the eternity of the man's ageless spiritual life." And he adds: "This is eloquence of the highest order. It is never mere oratory. This is poetry of the highest order; it is never mere verse. As William Morris said of Tennyson:

‘The Master could not tell, with all his lore,  
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped.’

"The great creations of men," he says, "are born in unconsciousness. Personality seems to fade, yet personality was never so true and real. We gain our noblest self, as Galahad, by sublime self-loss in the universal."

That, I think, is a good description of his own eloquence in its highest reaches, in its most significant power. I was speaking to a friend the other day of this idea of eloquence as the response of man to the Spirit of God, and he said, "Yes, I think that is true, but the other great test of eloquence is whether it has the power to awaken a like response in those who hear it." For forty years and more our friend's eloquence, tried by that test, was not found wanting. Fascinating as the speech and personality of Dr. Gunsaulus were, when his speech was most vibrant and potent, his hearers lost sight of him and forgot all else in the music of the Eternal Love ringing out from his eloquent lips.

“Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords  
with might,  
Smote the chord of self that trembling, passed in music  
out of sight”

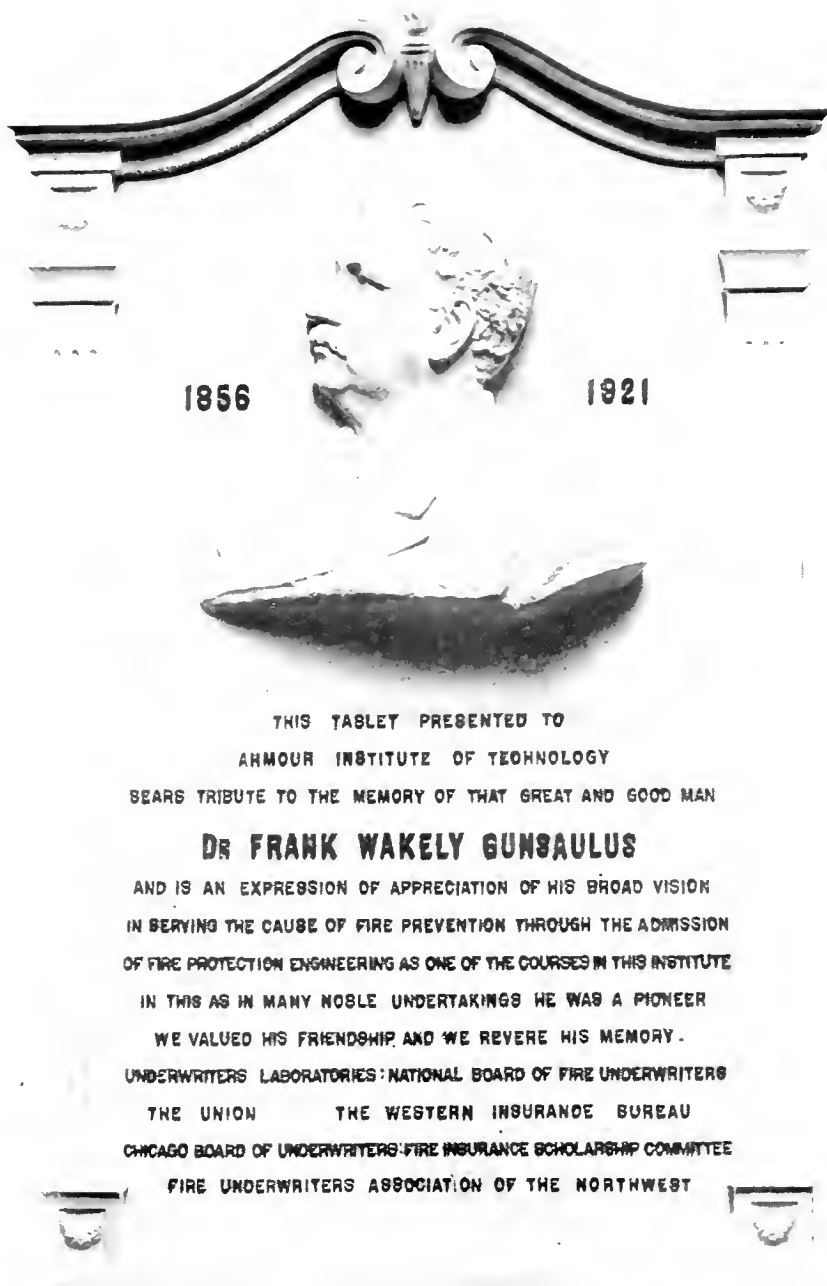
Dr. Gunsaulus was indeed a great *servant* of God, a fearless and masterful champion of righteousness—reverent, vigilant, unremitting in his labors. He was all the greater as a servant of God, because he was so great a *lover* of God. The humility which glorified all his great powers was the humility of a heart unspeakably grateful for the immeasurable grace of God disclosed on Calvary, the utter sacrifice and glorious triumph of Redeeming Love. "Men talk of

preparation for the Gospel ministry! There is no preparation," he said, "to be mentioned in the same thought or breath with that which comes of the struggle and the victory over sin and the sinful disposition, in full view of the Sin-Bearer!" And he often said, "The only pulpit that men respect permanently pours forth the music of redemption." He had manifold and diversified enthusiasm, but all these were bound together and crowned by his enthusiasm for God. "All goodness," he once said, "virtue, love, any and all other living influences and realities, must have personal origins, resources and connections, or none. I plead for the awakened image of God, living by love, and lifting all and everything to unity of blessing, by the sublime attraction of excellence. \* \* \* Christ's own secret of personal influence will be yours and mine, only when we accept, for God's sake and for the sake of our brethren, the awful gift of personality to be given into His keeping and disciplined by His guidance."

We remember with profound gratitude the notable contributions of Dr. Gunsaulus to the common good as educator, author, publicist, but especially as one who has exalted in our eyes the greatness and the power and the beauty of the Christian Ministry. As we hear again the persuasive challenge of his far-carrying voice, only the words of Israel's poet-prophet can express our feelings: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that sayeth unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."







Bronze Memorial Tablet, 1921. Owned by the Armour Institute of Technology

## SPEECH OF PRESENTATION OF THE BRONZE MEMORIAL TABLET

*Gift of the Fire Insurance Organizations of the  
Northwest, October, 5, 1921*

By WELLINGTON R. TOWNLEY

*Mr. President, Members of the Fire Underwriters Association of the Northwest, and our Honored Guests:*

At the opening of this afternoon's session, we have set aside a few minutes for the unveiling and presentation of this tablet.

It is appropriate that we, as insurance men, commemorate the passing of Doctor Frank Wakely Gunsaulus, preacher, educator, art lover, citizen and friend. Seldom is it our privilege to gain for our business the interest of great men whose principal activities are outside the profession of Fire Insurance. Dr. Gunsaulus was a man who rose to every occasion and never failed to do the worthy thing. When we approached him regarding our modest little scholarship at Armour Institute, he received the intelligence of our proposal as enthusiastically as though it were some great benefaction to that institution. His friendliness alone gave the project prominence and we today are happy to record the presence of over fifty students at Armour Institute preparing themselves for the great work of conserving life, property and all their essential values.

It is not my purpose to attempt any eulogy of this great man. Memorial meetings without number have been held in this city and elsewhere, in which his power as a preacher; his influence as an educator; his help to all the branches of art; his value as a citizen, have been faithfully and lovingly

recorded. We wish simply and modestly to claim him as part of ourselves. His honorary membership in this Association is something that we shall always cherish. Do you remember his last words to us? They sound today like a benediction: "You are drilling soldiers in a crusade against waste, in behalf of the home, the factory, the workshop, the palace of art, the temple of Almighty God. And may God give you grace to measure up to the opportunities of your time and generation."

The very day that the spirit of Dr. Gunsaulus returned to God who gave it, a few of his friends in the Fire Insurance business, representing its many branches, local and national, met and decided that some fitting memorial should be adopted and this tablet was the result. Mr. George Ganiere, the Artist Sculptor, knew the Doctor well; they met very often at the Art Institute, and the wonderful likeness the artist has given us adds greatly to the value of our memorial.

Our Committee has consulted with the authorities at Armour Institute and we have selected a place where this tablet will be placed. It is just outside the door of the office which Dr. Gunsaulus, as President of the Institute, occupied for so many years. And when the new buildings are constructed, we are assured that our gift will find a prominent and permanent place where the record of our appreciation of this great soul will be perpetuated.

We have as honored guests with us today the Deans of the Institute, one of whom is now Acting President, and I shall therefore ask Dean Raymond, on behalf of Armour Institute of Technology, to accept this gift from the various fire insurance organizations whose names appear on the tablet. The memorial carries with it our love for our friend and the assurance of our continued interest in the welfare of the Institution to which he was so devotedly attached.

## SPEECH OF ACTING PRESIDENT, HOWARD RAYMOND

*Made in Accepting the Memorial Tablet presented by the Fire  
Insurance Organizations of the Northwest*

ON behalf of the Board of Trustees I receive this tablet with true regard to its importance, not only to the Armour Institute of Technology but to the field of education in America. Eloquent tributes have been paid to Dr. Gunsaulus as a preacher, orator, lecturer, citizen, art lover, and educator, but this tablet, as a lasting and appropriate memorial, justly celebrates a great and distinguished man as a pioneer in the establishment of a special branch of engineering education.

In 1903, Dr. Gunsaulus, after several conferences with the President of the Underwriters Laboratories and other prominent officials who were interested in the prevention of fire and the appalling destruction which follows in its wake, decided to establish a four-year course in Fire Protection Engineering at the Armour Institute of Technology.

In common with many new ventures in education, it was received with some misgivings regarding its stability as a distinctive branch of engineering and, consequently, passed through a period of years of quiescence and somewhat uncertainty, but Dr. Gunsaulus, with his far-sighted vision and enthusiasm, was always optimistic, and his public utterances in behalf of fire prevention, always so impressive, wielded a mighty influence in the sweeping away of feelings of apprehension.

The Western Actuarial Bureau, in establishing a scholarship fund for the benefit of students in Fire Protection En-

gineering, has performed a most magnanimous service. Dr. Gunsaulus has often spoken of his great appreciation of the loyal co-operation of the Underwriters Laboratories, and now, with these scholarships available for earnest and capable young men, the future and success of the course in Fire Protection Engineering is assured.

The organizations whose names appear here have dedicated this splendid gift to the noble memory of a noble man, whose life was a series of noble acts for the betterment of his fellow men. This tablet will always be held as a sacred trust and occupy a prominent place in the buildings of the Armour Institute of Technology, whether old or new, where all may see; where the young may be impressed and inspired by the record of a worthy act of their former President, and the old will breathe the spirit of a great benefactor in the cause of education.

**RESOLUTIONS**





## RESOLUTIONS

### AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF ENGINEERS

#### CHICAGO CHAPTER

BE IT RESOLVED THAT, there is recognized in the passing of Dr. Frank Gunsaulus the loss of a great leader in the community, and in the development of engineering knowledge. The Chicago Chapter of the American Association of Engineers, in regular meeting convened, desires to extend this expression of the sincere sympathy of its members to his family and close associates.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: That the Chapter President shall cause to be conveyed a copy of the above resolution to the immediate family of the deceased and to the Faculty of the Armour Institute of Technology.

### ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

#### BOARD OF TRUSTEES

An Omniscient Providence having decreed that Frank Wakely Gunsaulus had fulfilled his allotted task on earth, in obedience to a Divine Summons, he passed from this life March Seventeenth, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-One, leaving the cause of humanity enriched beyond measure by his contribution of inspiration and service in its behalf.

We, his associates, members of the Board of Trustees of the Armour Institute of Technology, in reverent tribute to his memory, have assembled today to express our sense of personal loss and to record in these minutes the cherished heritage of his inspiration as a sacred and perpetual legacy.

## FRANK WAKELY GUNSAULUS

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For thirty years he was the President and guiding spirit of the Armour Institute of Technology. An able administrator and wise counsellor, his magnetic personality and dynamic forcefulness fostered its growth and influence from the inception of the founder's plan in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-One to its consummation in the present completely organized and fully equipped College of Engineering. It stands, the embodiment of his broad and sympathetic vision, a fitting and eternal monument to his life, his character and his genius.

He sought the truth to proclaim it, and earned the abiding trust of all men by his nobility of thought, high moral courage, sincerity and earnestness of purpose so well exemplified by his devotion to his chosen work. His voice was ever uplifted to inspire kindness and a tender consideration of others as a divine duty. The ennobling influence of his character has bequeathed to mankind a wider horizon of human justice than his coming found. His place cannot be filled, and we must find our consolation for this hour of grief in our enduring memory of his achievement and the solemn obligation to carry on to its fruition the work he so ably guided.

The Board of Trustees extend their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family with the hope that their present sorrow may be lightened by the knowledge that his life-time of service to humanity enshrines his memory forever with the truly great among mankind.

## ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

### THE FACULTY

The members of the Faculty of the Armour Institute of Technology, feeling profoundly the great sorrow and bereavement that has come to our beloved Institution through the death of its President, Dr. Gunsaulus, herewith express

## IN MEMORIAM

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their deep-felt grief over the irreparable loss of his friendship and leadership.

His inspiring influence will ever continue to guide us in our work and life.

To Mrs. Gunsaulus and the members of his family we tender our sincerest sympathy.

### ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

#### THE ALUMNI

God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst our teacher and adviser, Dr. Frank Wakely Gunsaulus, for the past twenty-eight years President of Armour Institute of Technology. He was a master scholar, who appreciated the importance of new and progressive ideas. He was broad-minded, sincere, brave, and true, and was a man of the highest ideals. He was an untiring, true patriot. His vision of the possibilities of scientific achievements was a great light to our Alumni.

Dr. Gunsaulus was far more than a President to us. The Alumni has always followed his high ideals and hopes to continue his policies in the future.

THEREFORE, be it

RESOLVED that in the death of Dr. Gunsaulus the Alumni of Armour Institute of Technology has lost a worthy leader, his family a loving husband and kind father, and the world a master scholar, an untiring leader, and a benefactor of all mankind.

RESOLVED that we extend to the family of our beloved President our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their bereavement.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a copy of these Resolutions become a part of the records of our Alumni, and a copy be sent to the widow and family of our deceased leader.

## ARMOUR MISSION

### MYSTIQUE PLEASURE CLUB

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has called to his last resting place Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, founder of the Armour Mission; and

WHEREAS, by his achievements as an organizer, orator, educator, and clergyman, he has been a constant source of inspiration to all who knew him; and

WHEREAS, by his virtue and good example and the noble qualities of his mind and heart, he had so endeared himself to all his friends and associates, that

“None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise.”

THEREFORE, be it RESOLVED, that the death of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus has caused a profound sensation of sadness and emotions of deep and unaffected regret not limited to his family, but extending throughout the membership of this organization and pervading and saddening the minds of all.

RESOLVED, that these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this organization, and that a copy be transmitted to the widow of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus as an expression of our abiding sympathy with her in this hour of deep sorrow.

## THE ARION MUSICAL CLUB

### THE CECILIAN CHOIR OF MILWAUKEE

WHEREAS, The Reverend Frank W. Gunsaulus departed this life mourned by a loving family, a host of friends, a legion of admirers and respected by civilized humanity; and

WHEREAS, He was a faithful friend and staunch supporter of the Arion Musical Club and of the Cecilian Choir, not merely by short spasmodic efforts but consistently offering his kindly assistance whenever needed during a long term of years; and

## IN MEMORIAM

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WHEREAS, His helpful thoughts, his kindly suggestions and his wonderful personality have deeply impressed themselves upon the lives and memory of every one of his many hearers; now Therefore

BE IT RESOLVED: That the Arion Musical Club and the Cecilian Choir express their deepest sympathy to the bereaved family of Dr. Gunsaulus, and also express the consoling thought that his works can never be erased but must live forever more.

### BROWN MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BALTIMORE

Acknowledging with gratitude the way in which Almighty God has led this church through its ministry, we have learned with sorrow of the death of our former pastor, The Rev. Frank Wakely Gunsaulus, D.D.

Dr. Gunsaulus was pastor of our church from May 25, 1885, to May 10, 1887; but although with us for so comparatively short a period, the impression made by him upon our church and city was deep and lasting.

He came to us in the prime of young manhood, with all the fervor and enthusiasm of youth. To his eye had been revealed a wide horizon of truth, and his lips had been touched with the prophet's coal of fire.

An orator, a philosopher, a poet and a spiritual seer, he stood in our pulpit, and so inspired his audience as to lift them out of themselves into an atmosphere where eternal verities stood clearly revealed.

Outside of the pulpit he was a thoroughly practical man, interested in the affairs of our city, state and nation; and exerting at all times an uplifting power for whatsoever things were lovely and of good repute.

He was even greater in his personality than as a preacher or a public-spirited citizen. No one came into contact with

## FRANK WAKELY GUNSAULUS

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him without feeling a certain electric thrill stirring him out of the commonplace, and making him realize that, after all, man does not live by bread alone.

Those who were his friends, as well as his parishioners, will never lose a sense of gratitude that they were allowed the privilege of being quickened by the influence of his white aspiring soul.

We recognize the large place which Dr. Gunsaulus, after leaving us, came to hold in the intellectual, educational and religious world; the great esteem in which the Protestant ministry of this country held him; his fearlessness in proclaiming the gospel of Christian righteousness; his tireless effort in endeavoring to establish the Kingdom of Christ on earth, and his unflinching courage in the midst of life's vicissitudes.

We extend to his family, and to all those with whom he was associated in his work, our deep sympathy; and bow to the wisdom of Him who doeth all things well.

### BROWN UNIVERSITY CLUB OF CHICAGO

The Brown University Club of Chicago, saddened by the news of the death of Frank Wakely Gunsaulus, pauses in its meeting this evening to place upon its minutes an expression of its sense of loss and of appreciation. A scholar, an educator, but beyond all, a man he was, whose presence ennobled and inspired all works with which he was connected. An idealist, so eminently practical, that through his efforts the ideals became realities.

### CENTRAL CHURCH

Splendid eulogies, spoken in many places with tender emotion, have paid superlative tribute to the extraordinary man who, for more than twenty years, with rare eloquence, with Christ-like devotion and untiring zeal, ministered to Central Church—our greatly beloved Gunsaulus.

We, whose inestimable privilege it has been, not only to be often thrilled and entranced by the great preacher and orator and experience the uplifting power of his public utterances, but to know him intimately, feel that no tribute can do justice to his character, his genius, his attainments, his achievements, and his superb and winsome personality.

Notable as was the extent, variety and definiteness of his knowledge, it was not more so than the facility with which he made it and his manifold endowments subservient to and effective in his supreme mission as a preacher and exemplifier of the gospel of his Lord and Master. We have been witnesses and beneficiaries of his remarkable capacity for illuminating whatever subject attracted his attention, for discerning and interpreting such aspects of it as would communicate to his auditors—whether in vast assemblies or in the intimacy of personal companionship—a new appreciation of, and impulse toward, whatever would make life better, happier and nobler.

In him were harmoniously blended, each at its best, qualities seldom associated, and often thought incompatible. An intuitive faculty for wise leadership in directing, organizing and making effective a great variety of agencies whose objects were humanitarian, educational or religious, supplemented his power of moving great audiences by speech. He was at once brilliant and unaffected, acutely sensitive to and appreciative of, the good and beautiful everywhere—in nature, in art, in music, and, above all, in character. He was generous of himself, and whatever he had to those who, for any reason, needed help, instruction, guidance or consolation, or to be aroused to a better appreciation of their duties, privileges and responsibilities. He was tender, kindly, inspiring and helpful alike to the humble and the exalted, the ignorant and the learned, eager to go wherever duty called, a welcome presence everywhere, brightening the lives of the friendless, quick to perceive the particular need of each,

and sympathetically responsive to it. With endowments which might have inclined others to dispense with severe application, he labored assiduously from boyhood to the day of his death to acquire and impress into service all manner of useful knowledge; never allowing himself an idle moment, he always found time to serve others, constantly impelled by the passion to accomplish within his lifetime as much as was possible for the benefit of mankind.

His acquaintance with literature, history, science, art and music was comprehensive and accurate, and, notwithstanding his many occupations, he was constantly extending it. He carried with buoyant spirit burdens so many and weighty that ordinary men would have had neither the courage to assume them nor the strength to lift them. The extra services which he crowded into the recesses between his multiple professional duties were more and finer than would have exhausted the entire capacity of most scholars.

Throughout his entire ministry in Central Church he was, as President of Armour Institute, of which he, in conjunction with Armour, was the creator, developing it into one of the really great schools of technology and engineering, and communicating to its students the ideals of duty and the high conception of what they should aim to accomplish for the betterment of the world which he both preached and illustrated. So many different problems confronted him and were solved by him there that most men would have found neither time nor strength for other tasks. Meanwhile he was, as minister of Central Church, preaching every Sunday to great audiences sermons which went all over the country and placed him in the first rank of the great preachers of the world. He was constantly giving more, and more effective, personal attention to the affairs of the Church and the community than is usual for a pastor engaged in no extraneous service. He was practically the creator and inspiration of the wonderful musical organiza-



tion of the Church, setting apart one evening in the week for attendance on its rehearsals, meeting with it before the service, inducting it into the choicest classical music, often writing hymns to fit special occasions, and so co-ordinating the music with the theme of the sermon that each pervaded the other and their mutual effect was an inspiring and exalting symphony.

He was, here and elsewhere, a constant force in missionary, educational and charitable work, and in many agencies seeking the relief of the unfortunate, redemption of the vicious, and the physical, educational, mental and spiritual advancement of the community.

The Chicago Art Institute, of which he was a Trustee, received from him almost daily service of a very high order, such as only he could give, and is enriched by his rare and valuable collections bearing his name. He was also a Trustee of The Field Museum of Natural History. On Ohio Wesleyan University, his Alma Mater, he conferred valuable collections gathered by him, one in memory of his father, and another in honor of his wife. He did much for it in other ways, and served on its lecturing faculty. He was, also, lecturer for Yale Theological Seminary, McCormick Theological Seminary, and the University of Chicago, a frequent lecturer before other universities and theological seminaries, and in great demand in all parts of this country and beyond the seas for addresses before educational, religious and other assemblies, and for sermons on special occasions. Though constantly responding to such demands when not in direct conflict with his primary engagements, he never allowed them to divert him from the pulpit of Central Church on Sunday or from his duties at Armour Institute. The expenses of his many benefactions were earned by extra services, mainly in what was counted as vacation, and on the lecture platform. During his vacation the last summer of his life, he preached Sundays in New York pulpits and deliv-

ered many addresses between Sundays in remoter parts of the country. About sixty sermons, lectures and addresses are recorded in his engagement docket between May 2 and September 5, 1920.

Many who knew him wanted him with them when in affliction, and he was there. He was in constant demand to minister at funerals, which he did, not perfunctorily but most tenderly, and with a genius for saying and doing precisely what was appropriate for each occasion.

Hardly a Sabbath passed in which he did not, in addition to preaching at Central Church, deliver at least one address elsewhere; hardly a week during which he did not deliver one or more special addresses such as would only have been possible from an accomplished orator of varied culture having a message worthy of the occasion. Often they were delivered in remote parts of the country and required much night travel.

He wrote and published many books, including both prose and poetry, all having noble themes, all exhibiting such a range of scholarship, such interest, such beauty of conception, vividness of description and elevation of thought that they have a high rank in literature, with the greater merit of serving a high moral and religious purpose.

The time that to others would have been vacation was crowded with engagements, hardly an hour reserved for rest, and such hours as he managed to spend with friends between engagements did not interrupt his service, since every moment his pervasive personality, imbued with the good and the beautiful, was shedding its radiance, communicating knowledge, and passing on its influence.

Those who knew him in the intimacy of congenial companionship have seen him at his best, and will never cease to cherish in grateful recollection the moments thus passed.

Sensitive lest his constantly growing duties as President of Armour Institute might not be as faithfully dis-

charged as they should be if he continued to do for Central Church all that its pastorate seemed to him to require, he had, prior to the entrance of his country into the World War, insisted that it was time for the Trustees to select his successor. The suggestion of his withdrawal was startling, and seemed impossible to entertain. He was at the height of his power. There was a universal demand that he stay. The Church had greatly expanded its work and its influence under his ministry, and was so attached to and inspired by him that we felt we could not spare him, and all the Trustees urged him to recall his resignation. He insisted, and then the War came. To his ardent patriotism, self-sacrifice seemed the special duty of the crisis, and he promised to stay until the War ended, at the same time taking on the additional duty of making, from many platforms throughout the country, impassioned and exalted appeals for the support of the government, for soldiers and money, never allowing this to divert him from his pulpit or diminish his labors in behalf of Central Church or Armour Institute. When the War seemed to have ended and his promise had been fulfilled, his resignation was received in terms so insistent and yet so tender that we were compelled to regard it as expressing his conviction of duty. The unanimous resolution of the Board of Trustees, urging him to reconsider, was unavailing. He gently but firmly reminded us that it was better another should be chosen and installed while the Church was united and growing in power and influence, when he could help to deliver it to his successor without interruption or disturbance, and that we must not incur the danger of disorganization after his death, if that should come before preparation had been made for carrying on its work.

This he urged so impressively, and his great desire to be assured that the Church had passed into safe keeping and was living on with increased power was so evident, that we could only acquiesce in an argument, the full force of which

we felt, as well as its significance. In the months that followed and until the end of 1919 he carried the burden and discharged the duties of the pastorate as before, assisting as only he could do in the difficult task of replacing him, gathering information concerning many eminent preachers in this and other countries, and supplying us with the sermons and books of those thought most worthy of consideration, or suggesting where we could hear them, in some instances arranging special opportunities for our doing so. Throughout he acted with rare delicacy and modesty, avoiding any appearance of a desire to dictate our selection. He insisted that his resignation take effect in June, 1919, and refused peremptorily to receive salary or compensation of any kind for his services during the last half of that year, thus securing the Trustees and any they might wish to invite to the pulpit against embarrassment, while impressing upon us the obligation to act without unnecessary delay. Yet those with whom he was most intimate knew that his love for and devotion to Central Church was a passion, and that the thought of separation from its ministry was grievous to bear. We felt the pathos of that struggle between yearning and duty, and understood how much it meant that duty conquered.

When, about the end of 1919, the selection was made and our invitation accepted, he manifested absolute satisfaction, welcomed his successor with a genuine and boundless cordiality, and rejoiced exceedingly in the appreciation with which he was received, and especially that his own longing to see the ministry of Central Church committed to one qualified by spirit and purpose and power to take up and carry on its work had been realized. That his prime motive in all this was not relief from labor is indicated by the fact that for the little more than a year of life which remained he toiled incessantly as if he felt the time was short and must be improved to the utmost. Continuing to dis-

## IN MEMORIAM

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charge without stint all his other duties, he seldom, down to the day of his death, failed to preach twice each Sunday, either in some Chicago pulpit or elsewhere, and made many notable addresses on week days. Still performing throughout the week the onerous duties of President of Armour Institute, and busy with other services, though in a state of health which admonished him that he needed rest, he preached on each of the last Sundays of his life in a church which had lost its pastor. During the week of his death he delivered on Monday a great address before the Congregational Club, on Wednesday a lecture to Armour students, and on Wednesday night was engaged until midnight or later in preparing a series of lectures to be delivered elsewhere. Two hours after midnight, when he had retired, a recurrence of heart trouble, from which he had recently suffered, caused his doctor to be summoned, and in two hours more "angina pectoris" had ended his life, and one of the most accomplished, brilliant, lovable ministers of Jesus Christ that ever lived had finished his course, having served faithfully, unremittingly, wisely and gloriously, from infancy to the hour when his summons came.

## THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE INFINITE  
PASSED THE LOVABLE SOUL OF

FRANK WAKELY GUNSAULUS

MARCH 17, 1921

For more than a third of a century, dating from 1887, when he became minister of the Plymouth Church of Chicago, and through his long pastorate in the Central Church, 1899 to 1920, his service was marked by a distinction attained by few in the history of our nation.

As a writer on historical, scientific, philosophical and ethical subjects, he deservedly gained an international posi-

tion. Cromwell, Washington, Gladstone were among the mighty dead whom he caused to live again.

His "Man of Galilee," "Paths to Power," "The Minister and the Spiritual Life," and other well-known treatises, lent inspiration to men and women everywhere.

The lectures of this myriad-minded man in Yale, Chicago, and other universities, but more particularly his labors as President of Armour Institute of Technology, from 1893 to the day of his death, perhaps had a wider influence in building into this nation practical and patriotic purposes than all his other manifold activities combined. The service that he rendered to Youth endeared him to them. They and their children will bless the memory of a great mind and a great heart.

As a nobleman of God, his life found daily expression in love for his fellows. He unsparingly gave of his best in responding to the challenge of the city. A man of heroic mold, mentally and physically, he won and influenced for good a multitude in the state and nation. In disposition he was ever genial, true souled and optimistic. He radiated the sunshine of good fellowship. Selfishness found no lodgment in his warm heart. He lived to serve. "As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

In loving remembrance and with deep appreciation of the beneficent influence of his kindly and helpful life, the Executive Committee of The Chicago Association of Commerce gives this expression of personal and corporate bereavement.

### CHICAGO CHURCH FEDERATION

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., who died of heart failure on March 17, 1921, personified the spirit of sincere interdenominationalism. He led in all movements that involved Christian co-operation. His contact with Christians of

## IN MEMORIAM

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every name was wide, familiar and most sympathetic. To his preaching and planning on behalf of religion he brought a broad catholic spirit, a kindling spiritual fervor and an indomitable optimism. It was before the ministers of the united church of Chicago that, again and again, Dr. Gunsaulus released utterances as prophetic as they were fraternal and through which always ran the note of fellowship interpreted in terms of his own great, affectionate heart. He particularly fraternized with the younger ministers of the city, whose difficult parish and personal problems he seemed to understand intuitively and to the solution of which generously he gave of his wisdom, his time and strength. To this precious personal contact, widened through long years of public ministry, extended by an international acquaintance, perhaps unmatched in the experience of any preacher of his day, thousands of the younger generation owe a quickened sense of privilege in the great work of the gospel ministry. To them his fellowship bequeathed ideals that are ever to call them to their best endeavor.

Dr. Gunsaulus' pulpit message not only gathered strength for its impact from a great personality that glowed behind it, but from an enriched style, a form that consulted beauty and a rare sense of discrimination as to materials to be wrought into its fabric. His voice, that at times was like music, that he loved and always magnified as an essential part of every service, is stilled, yet in the hearts of thousands his words abide. His influence in the public forums, the churches and theological halls of our city and land, ever will remain. No minister of this generation touched more profoundly that wider circle of life lying contiguous to the church than did Dr. Gunsaulus. His scholarly instincts and rare intellect made him an educator and in this realm he was a dominant figure. In the varied art life of Chicago he was a recognized authority as well as a generous almoner whose memorial is already erected in Gunsaulus Hall of the

Art Institute. His place in the literary life of the day was that of a contributor who gave much from a well endowed mind and heart, as his biographies, historical novels, essays and poems would indicate.

In the passing from our midst of this outstanding apostle of Christian fellowship the Church Federation of Chicago expresses its deep sense of loss coupled with profound gratitude to God that He gave to Chicago in the formative years of her religious character, so ardent, able and self surrendered a Christian man and minister as Frank Wakely Gunsaulus.

### THE CHICAGO CONGREGATIONAL CLUB

The Chicago Congregational Club meets under the shadow of deep sorrow. The last meeting of this Club had as its speaker our honored and beloved fellow member, Frank Wakely Gunsaulus. Had he selected for himself the platform from which to deliver his valedictory, he might well have been at a loss to choose whether his final word should be spoken from his pulpit in Central Church, or from his Presidential chair in Armour Institute, or from the platform where he so often stood in Fullerton Hall of the Art Institute, or in some one of the many other places of convocation where he was wont to speak. But nowhere could he have felt more completely at home than he felt here on that night. He was in his own household of faith and among friends whom he had known and loved for many years. Accompanied by his wife and daughter he broke bread with us in this room, and then spoke for an hour and twenty minutes out of the fullness of his heart, the richness of his experience and the depth of his convictions. He spoke on "The Education of an American." He uttered his conviction concerning the elements which must enter into that education. The President of an institution for technical training, he laid his emphasis upon the spiritual qualities



which must make America truly American and prepare American boys and girls for the high responsibilities of citizenship and for a share in the work of the Kingdom of God.

Three days later Dr. Gunsaulus died. The news of his passing brought to scores of thousands of people in this city a sense of personal loss. Nowhere was that loss more keenly felt than by his friends who are members of the communion in which for so many years he was a devoted and faithful minister. The social fellowship of this Club, in which for more than a quarter of a century he has been a participant, was enjoyed by him while he lived, and is shrouded with sorrow in his death.

Great as is Chicago's appreciation of Dr. Gunsaulus' service to this city, that appreciation is likely to increase rather than diminish as the years go by. His character will loom larger and his moral greatness will be seen to attain a higher altitude as we view it in perspective. What he did for Chicago can be told in part by enumerating the institutions which he served and the causes which he advanced by his eloquence and his great-hearted devotion, but this is only a partial measure of what we shall discover ourselves to have gained in his contribution to the life of this city. It is not in the province of this simple tribute to enumerate his contributions to our city's higher life. All that we undertake is to remind ourselves in this hour, and to record permanently in our minutes, a recognition of his nobility of soul and of our love for him.

Not even after they are dead do we adequately appreciate such men as Dr. Gunsaulus, and we never estimate them at their full value while they are yet living. Too much we take as a matter of course the generosity, the kindness, the free-hearted service of men such as he. We do not consider that what they give so freely is their very life. We accept them as we accept the sunshine, as something that comes to us without trouble upon our own part; not until it passes

under a cloud do we realize the measure of its genial warmth or the joy and power that it brings to life. We seldom thank the sun for shining; we never adequately appreciate the generosity of men who, like our great-hearted brother, give themselves, body and soul, for the welfare of their city and the life of their generation.

And yet if anywhere Dr. Gunsaulus was appreciated, it was here. We knew him too well and loved him too dearly to be wholly unappreciative of his greatness and his goodness. In this Club his memory is enshrined imperishably, and shall be held to lasting honor.

No tribute that we can pay is adequate, but we place upon our records this expression of our love for him, and our gratitude for what he did for us and for mankind.

### CHICAGO CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERIAL UNION

In the death of Reverend Frank Wakely Gunsaulus, D.D., the American pulpit lost a commanding voice, the City of Chicago one of its most distinguished citizens, and hundreds of ministers of all denominational affiliations a warm, personal friend.

For thirty-four years Dr. Gunsaulus poured himself forth in tireless service to his city and country, and here and elsewhere are his memorials bespeaking his genius as a lover of art, as an educational leader and as a wise administrator.

But it is the sense of debt to him as a friend and minister that is upon us today, and as members of the Chicago Congregational Ministerial Union we record with profound sorrow our feeling of loss in his going, and pay heartfelt tribute to his memory.

Dr. Gunsaulus sought the closest fellowship with his brethren in the ministry. He followed their work with

## IN MEMORIAM

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watchful interest, he counseled them in their difficulties, he heartened them in their discouragements, he lent himself unsparingly to the work of all the churches large and small.

His long period of service was through years of rapid change and marvelous growth for the city. Chicago was drawing unto itself the brain and brawn, the mighty energies and the vast wealth of empire. He gave it ideals and spiritual vision, he breathed into it the breath of life that it might become a living soul—strong, rich and beautiful in the grace and strength of a genuine culture and a truly Christian faith.

To richness and vividness of imaginative power, æsthetic appreciation, depth and intensity of feeling, comprehensiveness of grasp, were added the gift of humor, mastery of irony, a seer-like intuition of the moral significance of any fact or situation, rare administrative capacity, seemingly inexhaustible physical energies, and all these gifts and endowments were made to serve a single end: to carry forward the building of the City of God, to serve the cause of his Lord and Christ.

In him the Greek love of beauty and the Hebrew passion for righteousness were fused in a Christlike purpose to serve the needs of men. For thirty-four years he walked among us,—a priest of beauty, a preacher of righteousness, a shepherd of all souls, a faithful servant of his Lord. He held the vision before our eyes, he kept the fires lighted upon our altars, he taught us “to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.”

He deepened the springs of life within us, he filled us with high hope and strong resolve, he made smooth our path and straight our way and walked with us as a comrade and a friend.

His tireless industry rebukes us, his courage and optimism cheer us, his ideals for city and for country, its homes

and its people, inspire us, his devotion to Christ summons us to pledge ourselves this day to deeper fidelity as ministers of Christ.

Thus has he exalted in our eyes the greatness and power and beauty of the Christian ministry. Though gone from us, he is still with us. His commanding presence is before us,—the swift glance of searching eyes, the uplifted arm, the pointing finger,—and we hear again the persuasive challenge of the far-carrying voice. Only the words of Israel's poet-prophet can express our feelings:—

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that sayeth unto Zion, thy God reigneth.”

Rich ourselves in the memory of this fellowship, we offer to those who were dear to him our sympathy in the great loss that is both theirs and ours. In grateful remembrance of his loyal friendship and his inspiring leadership, we pledge ourselves anew to the service of Him whom he followed so faithfully and served so well.

RESOLVED, That this memorial be entered upon our records and a copy be forwarded to Mrs. Gunsaulus.

## DELTA TAU DELTA

### ARMOUR CHAPTER

WHEREAS the Omnipotent Hand has brought sorrow to our Institute with the death of our President and Friend, Dr. Frank Wakely Gunsaulus; and

WHEREAS we realize that in him the Institute loses a zealous worker and faithful servant;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that we, the members of the Armour Chapter of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, do hereby express the highest esteem and reverence we ever enter-

## IN MEMORIAM

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tained towards the deceased and point with pride to his pure and Christian life.

RESOLVED that we extend his sorrowing family our sincere sympathy in their irreparable loss.

### FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

#### BOARD OF TRUSTEES

We, Fellow Members of the Board of Trustees of Field Museum of Natural History, and associates and friends of the late Frank Wakely Gunsaulus desire to express our appreciation of his life and service.

We recognize that in his death the world has lost a man of high moral worth, unusual breadth of intellect, profound human sympathy, unswerving loyalty to duty and unfailing devotion to his family and friends.

That the nation has been bereft of a patriotic, public-spirited and loyal citizen, and American Science and Art of a distinguished investigator and adviser, and an earnest and efficient administrator.

That Field Museum of Natural History and all Institutions organized for the promotion of knowledge have lost a faithful and willing co-worker.

We mourn his loss not only on account of his high intellectual attainments and qualities, but also because he was a man of broad sympathy and tender heart, of upright character and deep spiritual discernment.

We extend to his bereaved family in this hour of their affliction our sincere sympathies, and in token thereof have ordered a copy of this expression of our appreciation transmitted to them, and have likewise ordered it spread upon the records of Field Museum of Natural History, of which Institution our late associate was not only a devoted Trustee but also one of the original incorporators.

THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY

In the passing away of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus the members of the Department of Anthropology of Field Museum of Natural History feel a keen sense of a great and irreparable personal loss. Not alone do we mourn him in common grief with the entire city as an intellectual and spiritual power which has made Chicago great, nor yet only as a respected trustee of this Institution; rather do we miss him as a beloved personal friend and counsellor, whose wisdom, kindness, and sympathy has always been a source of inspiration. The memory of his friendship will ever remain one of our most treasured possessions.

As his friends we wish to extend to Mrs. Frank W. Gunsaulus and to Miss Helen C. Gunsaulus, our faithful fellow-worker, as well as to the other members of the family, our heartfelt sympathy.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF  
AUSTIN, ILLINOIS

We, the members and friends of the First Congregational Church of Austin, assembled for Divine Worship on Palm Sunday morning, hereby record our sense of deep personal loss in the death of the Reverend Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., a son of God, a follower of our Lord Jesus Christ, and a servant of his brethren, who entered into his reward on the morning of Thursday, March seventeenth, Nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

We bear testimony to his career as a distinguished scholar, educator and citizen and affectionately remember him as a minister of the Gospel and a kind and valued friend of this church.

## IN MEMORIAM

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Although he commanded universal respect and admiration by reason of his attainments as a scholar, his genius as an administrator, his skill as an orator and his fervor as a preacher, and, although his services were sought alike by captains of industry, leaders of religious, educational and civic life, nevertheless his time and talents were often given to obscure and humble causes.

We recall, with gratitude, his many priceless services to this church. To us his kindness was without condescension and his services without reward. Out of a profound intellect and a breadth of knowledge, beyond our span, for us, he often sought to restore the past and portray the future vividly and simply that we might not fail to glimpse the visions he saw himself.

We regard it as a privilege on this day to record his triumphant entry into the Kingdom.

“Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that a son of glory may pass in.”

We desire to express our deep sympathy with Mrs. Gunsaulus and family in their bereavement; and to our minister, Clarence T. Brown, to whom Doctor Gunsaulus was so closely bound by ties of association and kinship, we extend our affectionate sympathy and continued regard; and,

By a Rising Vote, order this memorandum placed on the records of this church and a copy hereof sent to the family of our deceased friend.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The officers and members of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago feel that they have lost a great friend and counsellor in the passing of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus. His personal interest in the work of the church, his tender solicitude for her pastors, his earnest co-operation and willing assistance in all parish emergencies during the long years of

his residence among us have given him an affectionate and abiding place in our life as a church. His generous pulpit ministry, especially during the War; his oft-repeated appearance with lectures and addresses before groups and clubs, filled the hearts, shaped the ideals and affected the destiny of great numbers.

We sorrow at his departure, but glory in the triumphs of his faith and in the reward of his unselfish services on behalf of his fellow men.

To Mrs. Gunsaulus and her children we send the assurances of our loving sympathy and earnest prayers for their daily strengthening by the grace of Him whom Dr. Gunsaulus lived to serve and in whose presence his highest joy is now fulfilled.

“Mourn him not!  
He needs no tears who hath withstood  
His human years with brotherhood;  
Who sought the lost that he might gain,  
Whate’er the cost, the Master’s reign  
Within their hearts. His was a life  
That faith imparts. In every strife  
A conqueror. He’s gone before,”  
So mourn him not.”

## JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

### NORTHWESTERN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

In the death of Frank W. Gunsaulus, Johns Hopkins University lost a great friend. Dr. Gunsaulus lived in Baltimore during the early days of Johns Hopkins. He was constantly at the rooms of the University and spent much of his time in its general and also its historical library. He came in frequent contact with members of the Faculty and students and breathed the atmosphere of our Alma Mater.

Throughout his life, Dr. Gunsaulus frequently took occasion to refer to the great work done by Johns Hopkins in the field of American education.



## IN MEMORIAM

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The Northwestern Association of Johns Hopkins Alumni, recognizing the conspicuous ability of Frank W. Gunsaulus, his deep interest in the cause of higher education, his conspicuous ability in the service of Armour Institute, his breadth and vision, his gifted power of expression, his devotion to the higher and strictly cultural phases of life, deploras Dr. Gunsaulus' death—a death that has come all too early.

RESOLVED: That this expression of our sympathy be recorded and that a copy of this memorial be sent to the family of Dr. Gunsaulus.

### KEHILATH ANSHE MAYRIV

On this very day of the special meeting of members of K. A. M. Congregation, the Great Power that gives life and taketh it away has summoned Frank W. Gunsaulus, idealist and orator, inspiring preacher, lover of the arts and men, illustrious exemplar of culture, an uplifting influence in the civic and ethical life of this city. His faith was so broad, it knew no creed; his sympathy so all-embracing, it transcended dogma and sect. By his belief in the brotherhood of man he ennobled, and by his contributions to the commonweal elevated mankind. To his memory and his work we pay homage and to his example our reverent tribute.

### THE McCORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

In view of the close and sympathetic relation between the Seminary and our late beloved friend, Doctor Frank Wakely Gunsaulus, we, as a Board of Directors, desire to express our appreciation of his loyal and generous assistance extended the past year in the conduct of certain classes during the illness of Professor Boyd, and his constant, ready and inspiring friendship.

As a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and a citizen of eminent leadership we desire to record our sense of great loss in his death and suggest that a copy of this minute be spread upon our minutes and sent to the bereaved family.

### OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

It is with deep sorrow and a keen sense of our great loss that we enter upon our records that our friend and co-worker, the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., LL.D., has passed away. Death came to him while still engaged in his abundant labors in Chicago, Ill., March 17, 1921.

We recognized in him one of our most distinguished alumni. The University was proud to have him enrolled as one of her sons, he having gone out with the class of 1875. No one of our graduates has given a better account of himself. After leaving the University he entered the profession of the ministry, which he adorned in a most signal way by his talent, his forceful personality and his moral earnestness. He advanced rapidly until he became the pastor of one of the most influential pulpits in America—Central Church, Chicago, a position which he held with great acceptability for many years. He was a prophet of the Most High; and many thousands heard his strong appeals for the Christian life, for moral uprightness, social purity and civic righteousness. The influence of his voice and pen was felt throughout the land.

Dr. Gunsaulus was also a great educator. As the President of Armour Institute of Chicago, which he built up from its foundation, he came in contact with young men in the period of their intellectual development and training for their life work. Minds were stimulated by the freshness of his thought and his fine idealism. The great influence for good exerted by him in the field of education during the thirty years of his Presidency can not be estimated.

## IN MEMORIAM

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The University has sent out no finer student of literature, philosophy, history and Fine Art than he. He was at home with books and in the great art galleries and museums. His lectures on these and kindred subjects were in great demand. He was a critic of fine discrimination. His great delight was to have others share with him the pleasure he derived in these great fields.

We record with very high appreciation his great interest in the welfare of his Alma Mater. His contributions of books and manuscripts of great historic or intrinsic worth are among the most prized possessions of the University. His ever increasing interest in the development of the School of Fine Arts can not be forgotten. Lyon Art Hall contains many evidences of his fine devotion to the institution and its needs. To him we are indebted for valuable paintings, etchings, prints and many articles of fine artistic or historical value, as well as for annual exhibitions of paintings of great educational and cultural value to the school. He had the institution on his mind and heart and was helping to plan large things for the future when his call came. The University mourns the loss of a true friend and one of its most noble sons.

To the family and friends we extend our most sincere sympathy. We would help them bear their great sorrow. With them we would also rejoice—rejoice in the great victory of his life, in the fine service he has rendered humanity, in the abundant entrance he has had into the spirit world, to prepare men for which he devoted his life.

### PHI KAPPA SIGMA

#### ALPHA EPSILON CHAPTER

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Almighty Heavenly Father to take from our midst the beloved President of our Alma Mater, Armour Institute of Technology, Doctor Frank Wakely Gunsaulus; and

## FRANK WAKELY GUNSAULUS

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WHEREAS, We believe that we as individuals have lost our most interested benefactor; as students have lost our most sincere counselor; as members of this, the Alpha Epsilon chapter of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity, have lost our most devoted friend; and

WHEREAS, Doctor Gunsaulus has always been so dear to us that we feel his departure as that of a Brother; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the members of this, the Alpha Epsilon Chapter of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity, extend our deepest and most sincere sympathy to the bereaved family. And be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Doctor Gunsaulus, and that a copy be spread on the minutes of this, the Alpha Epsilon chapter of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity.

## UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

### THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Frank Wakely Gunsaulus died March 17, 1921. He was a member of the Faculty of the University of Chicago as Professorial Lecturer since 1912. He had been a warm friend of the University from its foundation. His zealous interest in many forms of artistic and intellectual achievement and his spirit of unstinted generosity led him to enrich the University collections with many rare books and manuscripts and with other valuable material both by his own gift and by gifts which he inspired. He also gave freely of his eloquence to kindle the imagination and inflame the enthusiasm of the University community. His passing from life leaves a void in the University as well as in the city at large. We remember him with affection and with high honor.

## THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO

The Committee of Managers and 1500 members of the Wabash Avenue Department of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago in their regular sessions expressed their grief over the sudden demise of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, one of Chicago's most faithful sons.

The lifework of Dr. Gunsaulus is well known to us all. As a citizen who sought to do justly, loved mercy and endeavored to walk humbly with God, he had no peers. All men were treated alike by him, and he was ready to serve them in the name of Christ, and for the sake of a higher civilization. For these traits we admired him, and now do revere his memory.

**THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED:** That our profound condolence be extended the bereaved family, accompanied by a copy of these resolutions.

**BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED:** That a copy of these resolutions be placed in the files of this Association to the perpetual memory of our deceased friend and benefactor.

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;  
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

"Only 'Good night' beloved—not 'farewell';  
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell  
In hallowed union indivisible—  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

"Until we meet again before His throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own  
Until we know even as we are known—  
Good night! Good night! Good night!"

O, Life was rich and very sweet to me  
In spite of sorrows, disappointment, tears  
And bitter loss that comes within the years  
Along Life's pathway; and reluctantly  
My soul took flight. The summons came  
While other earth-born toilers worked with me;  
And from the midst of things, triumphantly,  
My soul was lifted up. Death is the name  
Men call my passing from that earthly life  
Which I had loved, for what it meant to me,  
To follow Christ, to help men in their strife,  
To win a soul exulting to be free.  
But now, I LIVE. So do not weep for me,  
But glory in Life's Immortality.

BEATRICE GUNSAULUS MERRIMAN.









UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

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